

Children's Newspaper, April 3, 1926

The Remarkable Life-Story of the Badger  
Page of Pictures in this Week's Children's Pictorial

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls*

Number 368

Week Ending  
APRIL 3, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## A BRAZIL NUT FOR EUROPE

See  
Page  
Seven

### THE OLD JIGGER DOES VERY WELL A RIDE ACROSS THE WORLD

#### A Village Rival to Alan Cobham's Nine-Days Wonder LIONS AND WATERFALLS

Mr. Alan Cobham has been telling some interesting stories of his great flight to Cape Town and back. He is very humble about the achievement, and says any pilot could have done it.

When we think of the sudden swoops down to chase herds of wild animals into a proper position for the camera, the photographing of Victoria Falls, the landing in impossible places, the number of times the airman picked his machine up out of disaster in the very nick of time, we feel that "any pilot" must be a very clever man.

We noted last week that Mr. Cobham had done what he set out to do—to fly to the Cape and back and give a report of the conditions to the Imperial Airways. He is very enthusiastic about the air-route from Cairo to Central Africa, by which it would be possible to shorten the mail service to England from a month to seven days, and he finds South Africa an ideal flying country.

#### Through Snow and Sandstorms

But he had not ideal conditions all the way; far from it. In certain areas the only landing-grounds were at heights of many thousand feet, where the rarefied air made manoeuvring difficult. He flew through every kind of weather, through snow, hail, tropical rain, sandstorms, gales, and intense heat. It has been a wonderful trip, said Mr. Cobham, and the "Old Jigger" has flown like a bird.

There were two occasions when the Old Jigger gave her crew a bad five minutes all the same. One was when Mr. Cobham was flying over northern Africa and the plane ran into a dust storm. The pilot was guiding his course by the Nile, and for a time was completely lost, fluttering about in mid-air. Presently the sight of a dried-up water-course gave him an inkling of his locality, and he ran clear and found the Nile again.

#### Over Victoria Falls

The other occasion was when the daring man paused in his journey over the Victoria Falls. He ran the plane down to within 180 feet of the ridge, and the cinematographer had a moment of rapture as his camera clicked away, picking up most marvellous pictures.

Then came a tragic moment. The soaring clouds of spray choked the carburetter and the engine stopped. The men on board had never heard anything more deathly than the silence of the still machine after days of roar. They heard the clicking of the camera; they heard the dim thunder of the Falls. The seconds ticked away and they knew that, short of a miracle, certain death

### A Little Lady and Her Friend



This little lady, who was seen in Hyde Park, London, on a sunny morning recently, was giving her horse a rest after a very jolly gallop in Rotten Row

was waiting for them as they hung low, right above the Falls.

In the nick of time suddenly the engine lifted up its mighty roar again, and the machine rose out of the choking mist into safe air.

The little party found it a most delightful game hunting big animals with a camera in a plane. They had to search diligently as they flew. Never before, perhaps, has protective colouring proved such a difficulty. A number of large animals had only to stand still and become part of the landscape and they were safe. When the eyes in the sky spied out a herd of buck there was a joyous signal, and Mr. Cobham ran the plane down to within a few yards of the ground, chasing the creatures until they were in a good position to be snapped.

Sometimes even this brave pilot found it too dangerous to run low. They saw lions in the swamps near Lake Tanganyika which they could not approach, and once, on the return journey, they saw in Bulawayo a rare spectacle of twenty lions running below them in single file.

Mr. Cobham naturally expected that the appearance of his plane in the wilds

of Africa would be a nine-days wonder to the natives, but it was not quite that. Perhaps he timed his visit badly to one district in Southern Rhodesia. The thrills of the settlement had been exhausted on the marvels of their water supply.

The first main pipe had been laid on in the town and the natives asked nothing more of life than to see the miracle of water flowing from a tap. They watched it, walked away, sat down and thought about it, and came and watched it again. When Mr. Cobham arrived, the sight of his monstrous bird coming out of the sky with the noise of many waters was a very dull spectacle compared with the kitchen tap.

Mr. Cobham forgave many things for the joy of the dash home. The Windsor Castle was sailing for Southampton the day he started back, and he thought it would be amusing to race her. The ship had 5000 miles to go and could steam night and day. The plane had 8000 miles to go, 26 landings to make, and her crew had to find somewhere to sleep every night. But the Old Jigger reached the homeland two days earlier than the liner, all the same.

### MR. JOHN ANDRUS FINDS HE IS 85 HOW HE KEPT HIS BIRTHDAY

#### The Simple Old Man on the Twopenny Tube

#### A KIND DEED THAT WILL PASS ON

A New York millionaire, Mr. John Andrus, had a birthday the other day. He found that he was 85, and he wondered what he should do about it.

He did a nice little sum, working it out this way. If he took half of his worldly wealth, sliced five per cent off one half and added it to the other, the half that was minus the five per cent would equal about fifteen million pounds.

This he decided, as a birthday treat to himself, to give away.

Perhaps he was thinking of St. Martin, who tore his cloak as nearly in half as possible, gave one half to someone who needed it badly, and wrapped the other half round his own shoulders.

#### A Princely Gift

Mr. Andrus decided to give the half of his cloak of wealth to the nicest people who needed it that he could think of, and they were boys and girls.

Fifteen million pounds have now been definitely set aside to found a home for poor boys and girls. Mr. Andrus has given a hundred acres of ground for the buildings and garden; and several architects are trying to see who can make the nicest plan for the birthday home.

People who live to be 85 can look a long way back and remember a good deal. Mr. Andrus can remember particularly some stories his wife told him about the days when she was a little girl. She came from Switzerland to New York, and never forgot the difference it made when strangers smiled and were kind to her. There are thousands of children in a great city like London or New York on whom no one smiles.

#### Saving Time and Money

Mr. Andrus's birthday home is going to smile on some of these. They will live there and grow big, and pass on and make room for others, and so this beautiful, kind deed will never die.

The boys and girls will be told many stories of the founder of their home, and this one should please them very much. Mr. Andrus said that his chief claim to being famous was that he had always used the twopenny tube five days a week to get into New York from Yonkers, his home in the suburbs.

Long after he was a millionaire he went up and down by tube, and chuckled to think of the number of dollars and the precious time he was saving over the heads of the men who were far too grand to go by tube, and thought nothing of getting wedged in traffic in their cars and crawling at snail speed on soft cushions to work.



## AFTER MANY YEARS STORY RECALLING VICTOR HUGO

The Man Who Made a Mistake  
and Redeemed It

### BACK TO HIS PEOPLE

An interesting story comes from France reminding us of one of the greatest characters who ever lived in the imagination of an author, Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. A pardon has been granted by the French Government to a convict called Honoré Chantecaille forty years after sentence was passed against him.

When he was a young man, in 1886, Chantecaille committed a robbery which was punished by a sentence of five years penal servitude and exile for life in French Guiana.

Most men in such circumstances would settle down and make the best of their lives. Honoré, an unusual character, could not face spending the rest of his years in exile. He loved his native country with a passionate love, and only lived in order to escape. Three times he escaped, and was captured and hauled back to a labour camp.

### A Clever Escape

The fourth time he managed to make his way to France. His escape was so cleverly carried out that the authorities completely lost sight of him, and after a time he was crossed off the convict records as missing, probably dead. Years passed by; Honoré was forgotten.

In the meantime the man who had risked another term of hard imprisonment in order to see the shores of France again had settled down in Angoulême. He was very far from being a bad character. The theft in his early manhood had been more stupid than vicious. All Chantecaille wanted was to live in France as a respectable citizen.

### In the Grip of Delirium

He took up a baker's trade, married, and got a home together. As the years passed by he forgot to quake at the sight of a policeman. The time of his exile grew remote in his memory. He had kept the secret so long that he might have kept it to the end. But in September, 1924, he had a bad attack of the malaria that had troubled him from time to time since he left French Guiana, and in the grip of delirium he eased his mind of its great secret and confessed who he was.

As soon as he was fit to be moved the law laid its hand on him again, and the people of the town were stupefied to learn that the baker who had lived so honourably among them, and dwelt happily with his family for a generation, was a convict and an exile from France. Chantecaille was taken to prison and the courts took up the case.

### A Merciful Judgment

Men who were sticklers for rule and law said that the baker must go straight back to French Guiana. Those who took up the other side of the case pointed out his blameless life since his escape, and pleaded for one who had such an overwhelming love of his native land. After a long interval judgment has now been passed, and Chantecaille is to be allowed to live in Angoulême with his family.

As we read his story we think again and again of Jean Valjean and the tremendous storm that went on in the brain of the rich business man, escaped convict, before he went into the courts of justice and gave himself up to save another. It is one of the most sublime passages in French literature.

## NEWS FROM THE SUN THE OLD IDEA OF ITS BEATING HEART

Interesting Calculations Made  
in Rome Observatory

### SIX HEART-BEATS IN ONE LIFETIME

An old idea made new is being discussed concerning the Sun. Long ago Johann Kepler and Tycho Brahe spoke of the breathing of the Sun, and in more recent years Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, talked of its heart-beat, believing that the Sun contracted and expanded like a beating heart. But other astronomers failed to confirm Flammarion's observations, and the idea came to be generally regarded as a poetic fancy.

Nevertheless, during the greater part of last century two Italian astronomers, working at the astronomical observatory in Rome, continued to investigate the matter, and made a long series of careful measurements of our great star; and their investigations were carried on into this century by Professor Armellini, director of the same observatory, who has now published the results of those long researches. The results seem to suggest that Flammarion's theory was correct, and that the Sun does alter its dimensions, and does periodically contract and expand.

### Heart-beats and Sun-spots

During the twenty-five years Armellini has been making his observations he has twice found expansions and contractions of the Sun, and has concluded that the Sun makes what we may call a heart-beat every twelve years.

The period of twelve years corresponds well with the periods of the greatest and least prevalence of Sun-spots, and there would seem, therefore, to be some kind of connection between the pulsations of the Sun and the spots that come and go upon it. The spots are most numerous and marked when the Sun is nearing its minimum size and least numerous and marked when it is nearing its maximum. But the nature of the relationship between the pulsations and the spots is yet to be ascertained. Harvey, who discovered the nature of the beating of the heart, compared the heart to the Sun; but he little dreamed that the Sun itself beat like a heart, though only perhaps half a dozen times in the lifetime of a man.

Until Armellini's observations are confirmed by other astronomers they must be accepted with reserve, but he is a distinguished and expert observer and his statements, even unsupported, must carry much weight.

## WASHING THE CHIMNEY'S SMOKE

### An Idea from Manchester

Dr. John S. Owens has been telling us that smoke costs Londoners at least twenty-four shillings a head every year, and people living in Manchester about thirty shillings.

At the same time a Manchester engineer, Mr. H. M. Sidebottom, has been showing how the smoke of a big chimney can be cleaned and washed so as to render it harmless.

The dirt washed out of the smoke is saved by his invention and is used up in the furnace! The smoke from the chimney is passed through a box in which a bladed wheel revolves. Water plays on the blades, which force it into a fine spray, and the smoke passing through the spray is robbed of its sulphurous gases and the fine particles of soot which are responsible for the dark skies of our big cities. The water is filtered, leaving a black residue of unburned carbon, which is saved and used as fuel.

## BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE A HERO Honours to Chiswick

Denny Latchford, of Chiswick, will be remembered by some people in Cardiff for a long time as the lad who ran away because he could not bear to be thanked.

He was walking along the canal bank in Cardiff when he heard a splash and a cry. A schoolboy had fallen in. After a few moments it was quite plain that the lad was in danger of drowning. People ran here and there and looked frantically for help, but the lad from Chiswick dived in, not waiting to take off his coat, seized the drowning boy, and brought him to the bank.

In the meantime the crowd had grown, and as Denny helped the exhausted boy on to the bank he heard murmurs of admiration. He pushed through the groups and ran for his life, dripping as he went; but the crowd gave chase, and the lad who could not bear to be praised was captured and made to listen to a speech of gratitude because he had risked his life to save another. No one knew who he was, but at last Denny was persuaded to give his name, and say that the honours went to Chiswick.

## A VICTORY FOR THE BOW AND ARROW Odd Match on a Golf Course

A quaint contest has just taken place between seven archers and seven golfers, and the archers have won!

The match was played under golf rules. The archers shot their arrows as the golfers drove their balls, shooting again from the spot where the arrow fell, and aiming at a paper ball.

The record flight of an arrow in modern archery is 459 yards, and the record golf drive is 445 yards. The archers did much the best in the drives, but the golfers made up on the greens. The archers had the best of things on the balance, however, four of them winning, one halving, and only two losing their rounds. One of the archers did the eighteen holes in seventy and beat the club's professional by five up and four to play.

The teams represented the Cambridge University Archery Club and the Royston Golf Club, whose links were the scene of the match.

## A TAX ON DINING OUT And What Will Be Done With it

The Government of Quebec has invented a new way of helping the hospitals.

Everyone who eats a meal at a restaurant costing more than four shillings is to be taxed, if the Government Bill passes, five per cent of what he pays for it, and the money is to go to hospital funds.

Thus people who have too much to eat will help to pay for the cure of people who may become ill through having too little to eat!

### SEWING MADE EASY

Never before has sewing and embroidering been made so delightfully easy as in the *Best Way Schoolgirl's Embroidery Book*. It is full of articles and photographs showing the latest methods of teaching embroidering with big, pretty stitches.

It will show you how to make and embroider a workbag, a needle-book, a work apron, a bag for your school books, and a pretty pad for writing paper. You can buy this splendid book for sixpence from the newsagent from whom you buy your C.N.

## BABY'S VOICE Its Rivals in the Wilds CRIES OF HEDGEHOGS AND MONKEYS

All naturalists will be interested in Sir Richard Paget's statement, given in the C.N. the other day, that the human baby's voice has the greatest carrying power of any articulated sound.

Many travellers have set down the impressions on their senses created by the dismal choristers of the gloomy night forests, and all agree that the monkeys can be heard for miles. But one careful naturalist put the matter to the test, and found that the sound of the wailing chorus followed him for an hour as he walked away from the howlers' colony. As he was making his way through undergrowth all the time, however, he puts the distance at only two miles, but adds that, when the sound came over a lake unhindered by trees, the distance at which the noise could be heard was fully three miles.

A human baby, therefore, could hardly hope to outcry a howler monkey. The voices of the wolf and the dog carry tremendously in still night air; one has heard a chained dog howling at the Moon from a distance of over a mile. How far does the voice of the lion carry, and that of his booming rival, the ostrich, and the trumpet blast of the elephant?

### Screaming for Mother

The fox with his sharp bark can send his call astounding distances, but the most surprising voice of all is that of the young hedgehog. Who has heard it? Chance made the writer acquainted with it.

Five young hedgehogs, white, blind, their prickles yet soft, lost their mother. Terror scared her away from them for a whole day, and they were left cold and hungry. The writer's attention was called to them by their incredibly shrill screaming, which could be heard in a house nearly 100 yards from where they were hidden.

Their voice is like that of a young pig, but several notes higher, and astoundingly powerful and penetrating. When the little hedgehogs were carried into the house, warmed at a fire, and then spooned with milk, their screams, till they were snug and satisfied, were quite painful to the ear. But what a different note of contentment they uttered when their mother came home that night!

Babies, if they are healthy, can cry loudly enough to call attention to their needs, but they clearly have rivals in the art of pitching their notes into space.

## THINGS SAID

The dogs of war are held in leash and may break out at any time to our undoing.

Canon Donaldson

Novelists I know have the profoundest contempt for their readers.

Mr. St. John Ervine

With the light aeroplane the coming generation will take to flying as it now takes to the bicycle.

Mr. Alan Cobham

East London is the centre of multitudes of homes full of love and purity, cheerfulness and hopefulness.

Bishop of Stepney

If people realised what is in store in the event of another war I do not believe there would be a war-talker outside an asylum.

Lord Thomson

It is impossible for me if I live to the age of Methuselah to see the things I am working for materialise. I have to work entirely in faith.

The Prime Minister

People who are compelled to buy houses ought to be protected from falling into the clutches of some of our builders.

Mr. W. A. Harvey



April 3, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

3

## A PLANT-HUNTER IN TIBET

### PERILS BRAVED FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE

Searching for Rare Bulbs  
Among Giant Peaks

#### A LONELY TASK

Another Englishman, Mr. Kingdon Ward, has set out in the interests of science for the far parts of the Earth.

Eight times before this naturalist and explorer has visited remote tracts in Burma, Tibet, and China. Now he is going up into the mountains on the Tibetan frontier, as near the source of the Irrawaddy as he can get, a region where few travellers have ever penetrated. He will not be able to reach the first springs of the river, as the Tibetan Government have closed their country against Europeans.

Mr. Ward's object is to study certain plants and small animals which have not yet been classified. He hopes in about a year's time to bring back specimens of very rare roots, seeds, and bulbs, and some small beasts, to the South Kensington Natural History Museum and Kew Gardens.

#### Travelling Light

People who go about botanising in European countries and think of plant hunts as a pleasant hobby can have little idea of the strain of this expedition. Mr. Ward is intending to make his headquarters ten thousand feet up in the mountains. There he will find many enemies beside winter and rough weather; horrible little enemies some of them, mosquitoes, hornets, blister flies, leeches.

Against these he will protect himself as far as possible by gloves, head-masks, and incense burned in the tents. The other enemies—cobras, hamadryads, vipers, bears, tigers, and leopards—will require another kind of defence. Mr. Ward knows all about it, being an old hand at the game.

With the best will in the world an explorer wastes most of his energy on one or two campaigns in learning how to explore, how many men to take, what stores and kit to carry. Mr. Ward is travelling light in every way. He goes alone to Rangoon, and there picks up a native servant who has travelled with him before.

#### Camp in the Mountains

These two will then set off for a 700-mile journey up country by rail. At the outpost of the line the scientist will pick up another native. For three hundred miles the little party will travel on mules. Then, when even mules cannot foot the track or cross the streams, Mr. Ward will change them for coolies, taking a number from village to remote village, making his way through the terrible bamboo jungles as best he can.

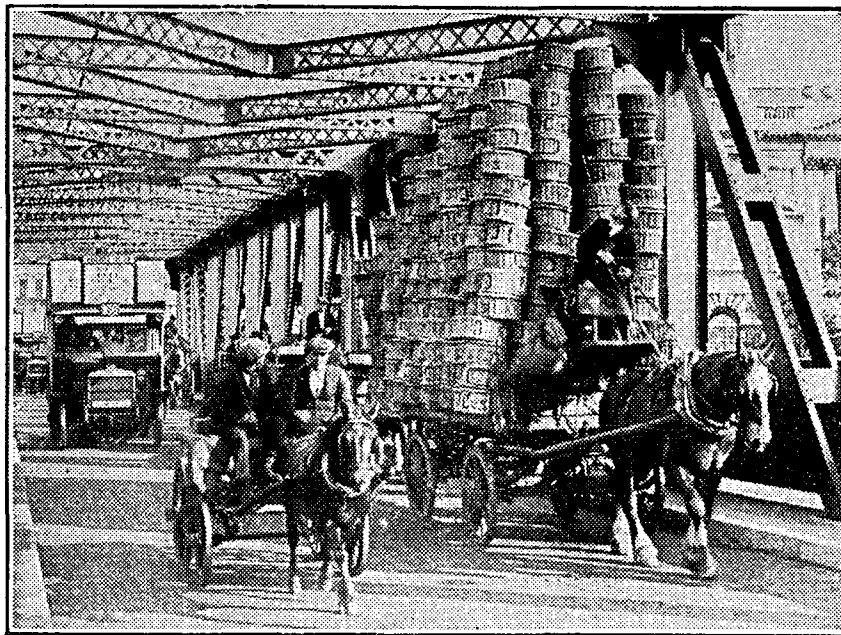
Somewhere near the frontier the camp will be made in the high mountains, and be held as long as food lasts. Then Mr. Ward will descend to the nearest village, which he has made his base, for another store, and make a fresh camp. If the natives are sulky Mr. Ward is prepared to sit down and smile at them and tell them stories until they recover.

#### Solving the Food Problem

Like all explorers, Mr. Ward has learned to think very little about food except from a scientific point of view, choosing foodstuffs that are most nourishing. For the most part he will have to face curry every day, with rice or split peas. Flour, tea, coffee, and a few odds and ends make up the rest of his stores. There may be now and again a pheasant or a jungle bird. In place of the good things he might take he carries large quantities of quinine, for the bitter cold rain will drench his mountain camp for weeks.

The C.N. readers wish Mr. Ward good luck, and hope some day to go to South Kensington to see the results of this brave expedition.

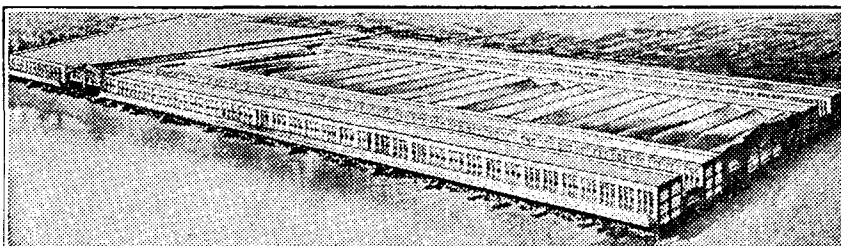
## COVENT GARDEN OLD AND NEW



A carman on his way from Covent Garden crossing the temporary Waterloo Bridge



The congested state of the streets round the market



The proposed new market on the site of the Foundling Hospital



A typical scene in the central hall of the old market

It is proposed to move Covent Garden Market from its present site, where it has been for over 250 years, to a new and more commodious building to be erected on the site of the Foundling Hospital in Bloomsbury. These pictures show the present crowded market and the new premises which it is suggested should be put up

## A FADED BRASS PLATE

### AND THE STORY IT TELLS

The Man who Settled London's  
Housing Problem

#### GEORGE PEABODY'S GREAT WORK

A great city office has been changing its quarters from a historic house in Old Broad Street to a grand new building just round the corner, and it is taking with it as a precious relic a couple of brass door-plates.

They are not to be put on doors again, but set up in the large entrance hall and suitably protected. One of them has been polished for about eighty years and the letters are therefore a little faded. But you can quite easily spell out *George Peabody and Company*.

A great many memories are stirred at the sight of that worn name. There is a statue of the great merchant and philanthropist behind the Royal Exchange in that wide footway used by thousands of people daily. Others may remember the stone, not far from the grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey, which says that here George Peabody's remains lay in 1869 waiting to be carried across to America on a British warship.

#### Slum Land Converted

Others, again, may remember the masses of buildings, gloomy and rather forbidding, that bear the name of Peabody in certain districts in London. "Horrible places," they may say. And yet, at the time, these dwellings marked a great advance. They were foul slum land converted, and it is very splendid to think that we have moved so far in the matter of principles of housing that these buildings, which were famous in their day, should be condemned as dark and dangerous.

The world is not likely to be burdened with too many men like George Peabody. His whole life was a memorial to the faculties and the fighting power of the human being and the undying goodness of the heart.

#### The Famous Door-Plate

That part of Danvers in Massachusetts where he was born in 1795 is now called Peabody. At eleven this smart little lad of a humble home became a grocer's assistant. Four years later he went into the business with someone of the family. From that year his career rises in a crescendo of power and success. Before he was forty he was the head of one of the largest commercial houses in the world.

In 1837 Peabody came over to England and set up as a London merchant and broker. A few years later he withdrew altogether from American business and concentrated in the English capital. By this time the door was ready for that famous plate. George Peabody became a member of the firm and some sixteen years later gave his name to it, and there was the second brass plate set up which the old banking firm of Morgan, Grenfell and Company now value so highly.

#### Gifts for Education

As old age came in sight George Peabody looked about for some manner in which to release the kind instincts of his heart. He poured out his benefactions in a manner truly royal. He gave £50,000 for education in Danvers, £200,000 for education in Baltimore, odd sums to Harvard University, £700,000 to the Peabody Trust for education in the Southern States. Then £500,000 for dwelling houses for working folk in London.

To the end he kept his simple ideas and said No when he was offered a baronetcy. He is one of the world's grand men, and those who see that worn brass plate will do well to ponder on the life-story which lies behind it.



## THE BAT ROOST

### Greatest Enemy of the Mosquito

#### TRUE STORY LIKE A FAIRY TALE

A book with a very queer name has just been published in America. It is called Bats, Mosquitoes, and Dollars, and we may well ask what three such different things can have to do with one another. But the author soon makes this quite clear. He is Dr. Charles Campbell, of Texas, and he has written a very interesting book.

It has been known for many years that the mosquito which causes malaria is one of the principal foods of the ordinary bat, and Dr. Campbell has probably done more than anybody else in making this fact known. He has made a special study of malaria, and has come to the conclusion that very practical use can be made of the knowledge that the bat is the mosquito's greatest enemy.

The book gives the story of what Dr. Campbell has done. First of all he has carefully studied the haunts of bats, and has learned the likes and dislikes of these little creatures. Armed with this knowledge he has discovered how to build roosts which bats will live and breed in; and he has proved that mosquitoes are reduced to a minimum wherever a bat roost has been established.

#### Bat as the Friend of Man

It sounds like a fairy tale, perhaps, but Dr. Campbell's book contains a mass of evidence which cannot be disputed. Engineers engaged on irrigation work have stated that after the establishment of a bat roost in their vicinity they have been able to work at night untroubled by the mosquitoes, which before had made work by day a misery and work by night impossible.

Dr. Campbell gives some amazing figures in his book. He estimates that one bat will put an end to 3000 mosquitoes between nine at night and three in the morning! In view of these figures it is not surprising to hear that bat roosts have been found very effective in the malaria-ridden districts in which they have been erected.

And now we come to the dollars and their part in the story. It has been found that every bat roost is a little gold mine in itself, because the floor sweepings are a fine natural fertilising medium and can be sold at over a hundred dollars a ton!

## OLD GRANNY BUFFALO

### A Bereavement in Alberta

In the game preserve of Alberta, North-West Canada, where one of the last herds of buffalo roam at will and are protected from the cruel fate which reduced them from the millions which once lorded the North American continent to a few thousands, there is one buffalo less, for a famous one has died.

One is not much out of 8000, which is the number to which by care and foresight the herd has been raised, but this was a buffalo of character.

It was Old Granny, with whom every visitor to that great empty region of Beaver Hills, and Snake Rivers, and half-explored Slave Lakes, became acquainted, for this old buffalo would come at the call of the Game Warden and let herself be snapshotted.

These buffalo are not tame. If they were they would probably gradually die out, as the other buffalo did when the paths of men cut across their million-square-mile ranges. They are fierce and wild, and none ever came at any man's call except Old Granny. But she, as if in dumb recognition of the kindness which had befriended her race, would follow the Game Warden about like a big pet dog. He will miss Old Granny.

## THE SONS CARRY ON THE TORCH

### Their Father's Honour

#### FACING POVERTY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

We have been hearing a wonderful story of business integrity and honour from far away in the western part of the United States.

About fifty years ago, when the tide of civilisation was surging westward across America, there was great difficulty in restricting fraudulent banking operations. The laws were so loose that hundreds of banks failed, often through dishonesty, and the depositors lost all.

In one case, however, there is a different story to tell. About fifty years ago the bank in a little Illinois town failed. The banker was a quarter of a million dollars short through an ill-advised railway speculation, but he did not leave the country as so many others in like circumstances did.

He worked hard to pay the depositors back. He had turned over thousands of dollars before he died, and his great regret was that he could not live long enough to finish his work.

But if he had been a failure as a banker he had been no failure as a father, for the other day his sons announced that they would within thirty days refund every penny lost in the bank crash fifty years before, and add the accumulated interest at five per cent.

The story goes that this will leave these young men with practically no money themselves; but we cannot but feel that it will not be very long before they are at the top of the business tree once again.

## A FINE CAT STORY

### A Ride in the Rain

This fine cat story comes to us from a Cheshire reader.

Last week I was visiting an acquaintance who lives with her son and daughter-in-law out in the country, and as I particularly noticed a pretty little black kitten sitting contentedly on the couch in the kitchen, they told me its story.

"What a pretty kitten!" I said; and the daughter-in-law replied, "Yes, Grannie is very fond of Blackie, and so are we all; and how we came by him is a curious story." I said I should like to hear it, and this is what she told me.

Her husband cycles to his work and back every day, a distance of 17 miles. One very wet night before Christmas he was just setting off for home when a mate said, "Look here, Jack, you might drown this kitten for me on your way home. We've two at our place and my wife won't have another."

So the husband took the box the kitten was in (just a cardboard box) and said, "Well, I don't know about drowning it, but I'll give it away to someone." Then he strapped it on his carrier and started for home.

The rain kept pouring down, and the man had forgotten all about the kitten when he felt something creeping up his back. The rain had soaked the box to pulp, and Blackie had crawled out and clambered up Jack's back until he reached his shoulder. There he sat all through the ride home, and they both came in drenched. The good man thought that if the cat stuck to him in all that weather he might just come home for good, and pussy has been home ever since, great company for Grannie, and beloved by the children.

## SOUTH KENSINGTON'S POSTCARD GALLERY

The Natural History Museum at South Kensington has issued some more very interesting postcards. The series of Exotic Insects is continued, and a beautifully coloured set of Ornamental Stones has now been added to this collection, which is sold in shilling packets of five.

## CLINGING TO THE OLD WAYS

### Samoa and Her Ancient Customs

#### THE FUNERAL FEAST

Samoa has decided to keep unchanged another of her customs, the honours she pays the dead.

It is always a pity when a native race loses her ancient rites, for they are the expression of her life for centuries. When they go she can but put in their place a pale imitation of the white man's creed and traditions.

For many generations it has been the custom in Samoa to hold a long funeral feast in honour of one who has passed away. A great deal of food is eaten, and then the assembled company make their weird dirges with a barbaric clamour and a great deal of energy.

They then sing their funeral chants to the accompaniment of their native instruments until one after another they fall asleep from exhaustion.

#### All the Village Invited

The Governor of American Samoa had suggested that in the interests of economy this custom should be stopped by law. The death feast is certainly a heavy strain on the family of the dead man, as all the village is invited, and as a result they are impoverished for a considerable time. The favourite food includes a pig roasted whole, fish, baked bananas, and breadfruit.

But in spite of the money loss that keeping up the custom means the titled chiefs of Samoa who meet once a year to confer with the American officials have refused to abandon it.

A great many of these customs seem to us useless and absurd, as the Early Briton's ways seemed absurd to the Roman legionaries, but they are dear to the people who inherit them, and so long as they are harmless should only be relinquished by the natives of their own free will.

## EINSTEIN IN LOVE

### With Science

An interviewer caught Professor Einstein the other day. Einstein is on the League's Committee of Intellectual Cooperation. He is, therefore, working for the League of Nations.

The interviewer rather annoyed the discoverer of relativity by asking him "What is Science for?"

"When you fall in love with a pretty maiden," Einstein said, "you don't, as a rule, ask yourself what that is good for. Similarly, you cannot ask this question about Science."

"Thus you hold that one has to be in love with Science?"

"That is so. The real scientist is the lover of Science."

"Does Science make one happy?"

"At any rate, it makes me happy," replied the professor.

It is interesting to know that Einstein prefers teaching in secondary schools to teaching in a university.

## QUEER HOUSING STORY

### Idle Bricks and Idle Builders

We used to hear that the housing shortage was due to a shortage of builders and bricks; now we are told that there are a hundred thousand building operatives out of work and a hundred million bricks unused. And still the housing shortage continues!

It is said that there are 23,000 building operatives out of work in London alone. It is also said that last year we imported nearly 160 million bricks, and the year before 84 millions, though there are over a hundred million bricks in stock!

The brickmakers were appealed to to increase their output and the workers to widen their unions so as to get more houses built, and this is the result.

## FUTURE OF THE MINES

### COAL COMMISSION'S REPORT

#### Proposals for Dealing with a Grave Problem

#### A FAMILY IDEA

One of the most important documents now being discussed in this country is the Coal Commission's Report.

The huge present from the taxpayer to make coal-mining pay (nearly twenty millions so far) comes to an end next month, and the nation has to decide what to do next.

The first thing the Commission says is that the subsidy must not be renewed. It is not fair, it says, that people in other industries, many of them little better off than the mines, should have to pay to keep them going. Somehow or other the mining industry itself must make ends meet and carry on as a self-supporting branch of the national activities.

#### Reduction in Wages

To begin with there must be a reduction in wages, though nothing like as much as the coalowners demanded in the autumn, and not nearly enough to make up the present loss. When the French were in the Ruhr the British export trade prospered and an increase in wages was given which ceased to be justified when the boom came to an end. The reduction proposed would not affect the men who receive the lowest wage of all, but would only reduce the wages of the men above them.

But there are some very important suggestions in the Report for improving the lot of the miners. A new system of profit-sharing is proposed, and the suggestion is made that allowances should be given to the miners according to the size of their families. We talk about a living wage, but it is clear that what is a living wage for a bachelor is not a living wage for a family man. It is suggested that pools should be established to which all should contribute, and out of which so much a child should be paid.

#### Mines to be Closed

Baths at the pit-head and houses for miners at all new pits are among the other proposals made.

The employers asked that working hours in mines should be increased from seven to eight a day, but this the Commissioners oppose. They say it would give employment to fewer men, and there will be enough men thrown out without that, for there are many mines which for various reasons can never be made to pay under present trade conditions, and these will have to be closed.

But there are other mines which could be made to pay by being joined-up with neighbouring mines, or by a reform in their management, and the Commissioners make various proposals to help to secure this. It is not proposed to compel amalgamation but it is expected that the owners will see that it is the only thing to do.

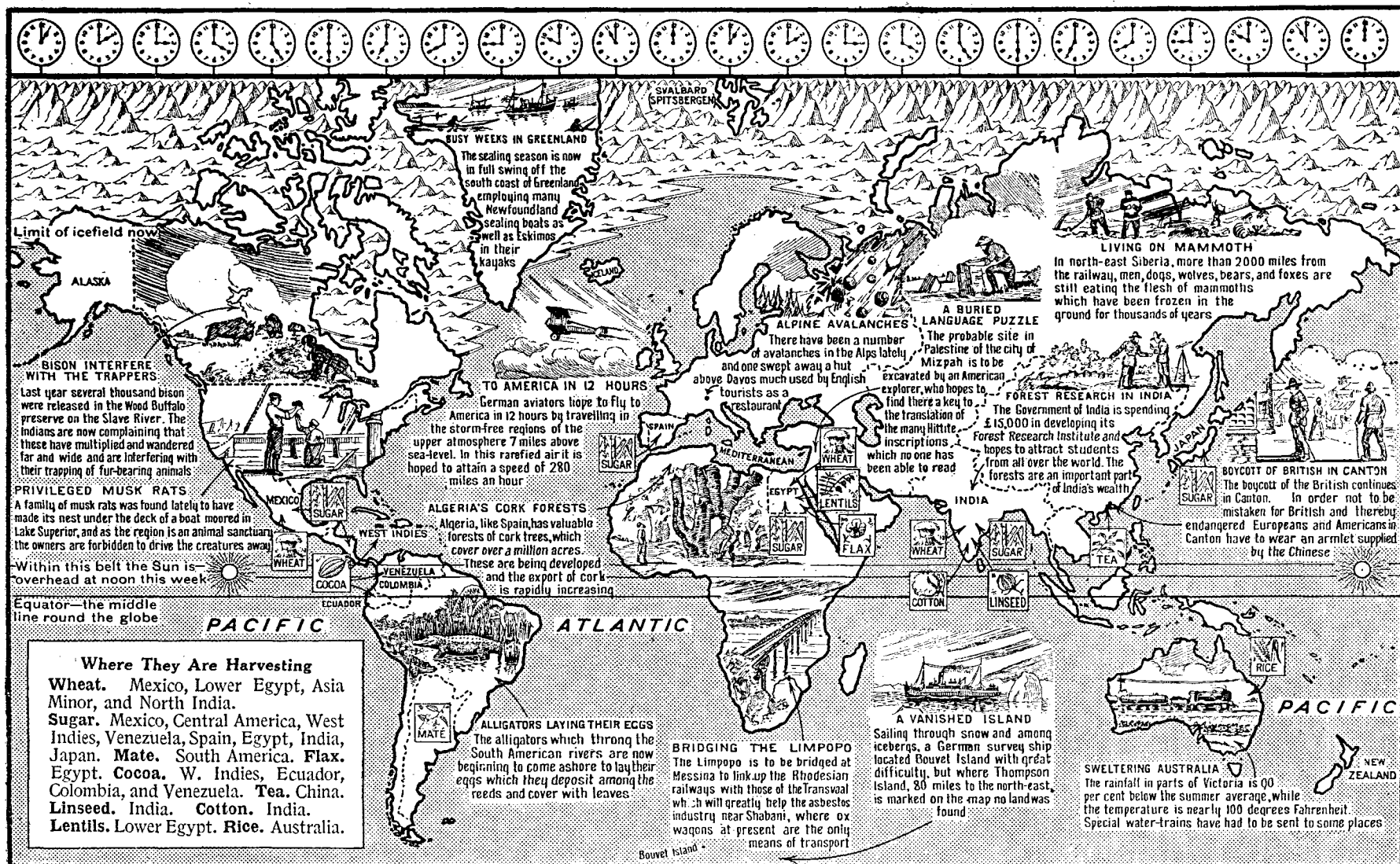
#### Government Help

Better organisation and greater co-operation are urged both in mining and in selling coal. Mine committees on which the men were represented could greatly improve the efficiency and economy of mine-working.

The Government is asked to help by arranging for the transport of miners from where there is no work to where more men are wanted; and by proposing laws for making amalgamation easier, for helping to pay for scientific research, and for making profit-sharing and pit committees compulsory. Most important of all, the Government is asked to take over the ownership of coal and mineral rights, letting out the working of them to the colliery companies as the present owners do.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## THE GEYSERS WORK FOR MAN

### Early Potatoes from Iceland

The wonderful geysers of Reykjavik, in Iceland, are now being used to heat the town, and not only to heat the town but to warm and water greenhouses and gardens.

Water from the geysers is forced through narrow pipes laid at a depth of about three feet in the soil, and the warm water favours and hastens the growth of both vegetables and fruits.

Near the largest geyser a very large greenhouse has been built, where all kinds of flowers and vegetables are being cultivated with extraordinary success. It is possible, indeed, that with the assistance of its geysers Iceland will be able to compete with the Channel Islands as a purveyor of early potatoes and flowers.

## BERYLLIUM IS DOWN

### From £1000 to £40

New metals are often very costly until cheap methods of production have been perfected, and this has been the case with beryllium, which originally cost as much as £1000 a pound! Now, however, it is being offered at £40 a pound, and it is believed that the price will eventually go down to £4.

This means that the commercial use of beryllium will now be possible, and manufacturers will be very glad to get hold of this valuable white metal, which is one-third lighter than aluminium. It can be used extensively as an alloy, and is particularly successful if alloyed with copper, when brilliantly-coloured and very hard bronzes are produced.

## CRUELTY IS CHEAP TODAY

For being "worse than a savage" and kicking a cat to death a youth has been fined £5 by the magistrates at Eckington, in Derbyshire.

For confining seven birds in cruelly small cages two men at Lincoln were fined 3s. 6d.

## YOUR LETTERS

### What the Postman Must Face Sometimes

A postman's life is a very exciting business in India.

In India a mail runner may have to travel on foot quite alone 25 or 30 miles a day through dense jungle, and all sorts of mishaps may befall him there. Last year five postmen were wounded in defending their precious burdens from robbers. Four others were drowned, three in crossing rivers and the fourth in trying to overtake a boat. Worst of all, three were killed by tigers.

All these risks are faced by these devoted men in trying to fulfil the Government's contract to deliver anywhere and everywhere letters bearing a three-halfpenny stamp. Any C.N. reader may post a letter in Hampstead or Manchester tomorrow destined to play its part in such a tragedy.

## WHY HE WAS ANGRY

### The Two Labels

We cannot resist this story which reaches us from Paris.

Electric light was being installed in a certain great public building. The engines were temporarily housed in a small room, and on the door was inscribed:

*N'entrez pas! Danger de mort!*

This dramatic warning is always employed; it is, in fact, the usual thing. But now it raised a storm. There were angry accusations, impassioned denials, threats of resignation, and all the atmosphere which would have led to a duel in the olden days.

For it happened that there was an older inscription near by, and strangers trying to find their way in the building saw first of all an arrow painted on the passage wall, and above it *Chief Medical Superintendent*. Next they came on a door marked *Do not enter! Danger of death!*

No wonder the Chief Medical Superintendent was very angry.

## TESTING THE MINER'S LAMP

### A University Looks Into It

A new testing station has recently been established at Sheffield for testing the miner's lamp.

By mixing pentane vapour and air explosive mixtures can be made similar to the explosive air which causes disaster in a mine. These mixtures can be sent through the test chamber at the rate of 1200 feet a minute. The lamp to be tested is placed inside the chamber, and if unsafe will cause a miniature explosion.

All this is part of a larger scheme in connection with Sheffield University for ensuring greater safety and efficiency in mines in general.

## THE CABLE UNDER THE THAMES

### Power Across the River

A tunnel has been built under the Thames at Barking so that the electric cables carrying current from a new power station can be laid through it across the river.

Without this tunnel the cables would have had to be carried a distance of several miles. The tunnel is seven feet in diameter, and has been built nearly a hundred feet below the ground level.

## THE WIND IN A TEMPER

Headings from one day's storm news:

Girl blown under a lorry  
 Man blown from top of a lorry  
 Man blown from barge and drowned  
 Motor blown over

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Hamadryad . . . Ham-ah-dry-ad  
 Hyades . . . Hy-ah-deez  
 Ikelemba . . . E-kay-Jem-bah  
 Khayyam . . . Ky-yahm  
 Taurus . . . Taw-rus  
 Upsala . . . Up-sah-lah

## CONQUERING ENGINEER

### Building up Better than Pulling Down

The Institution of Civil Engineers has a charter which describes the business of an engineer as being the directing of the great sources of power in Nature for the use of man.

The Prince of Wales has been dining with the members of the Institution, and telling them of his delight, in his travels, at seeing how the British engineer has enriched the world with monuments.

"A Britisher who sees the field of Waterloo or sails past Cape Trafalgar naturally feels a thrill of pride (said the Prince), but in these days, when the world is beginning to understand that construction is a much finer thing than destruction, it is as natural to be thrilled when your railway train crosses the Firth of Forth or the Rocky Mountains. Nor is it only within our own Empire that the traveller is forced to admire the record of British engineers. I crossed the Andes on a line laid out by them, and when I reached Chile I found the harbour works of Valparaiso in the hands of a British firm."

## GLASGOW'S CATS

### Not to be Numbered

Glasgow has decided against registering its cats and charging a shilling registration fee.

It was asked to do so by the R.S.P.C.A., which apparently thought that the cruelty of neglect might be put an end to by this means.

But a committee of the Corporation has decided against the idea. It thinks it might lead to many cats being destroyed, as no doubt it would, and that that would mean that fewer rats and mice would be destroyed. And Glasgow cannot look cheerfully at such a prospect.

The Glasgow city fathers do not mean to make the mistake of the farmers who shoot owls and then complain that they are overrun with mice.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 3

1926

## Too Big for Oxford?

THE other day we came across a phrase which seemed to us one of the most foolish we had ever read.

It described the writer's visit to a South African farm. The owner came out to welcome his guest, who at once noticed that his speech and manners bore "the stamp of Oxford"; but later the newcomer discovered that there was something about his host which was "too big for Oxford."

What was this bigness? What had the farmer done? He had introduced the latest improvements on his dairy farm and made it a success. We are always ready to praise enterprise and thrift, but we do not see why these things should be "too big for Oxford."

For what is Oxford? It is a place which has been consecrated to learning for long centuries. Like other old universities, it has most beautiful buildings, which are hallowed by the patient studies of old men and the dreams of young ones. It is a storehouse of wisdom which has been gathered from all countries and all ages.

Wisdom is got by experience. The first sailor who crossed an uncharted sea had to buy his experience dearly, but the men who came after him profited by the pioneer's experience and avoided the reefs. History and philosophy present a chart of life, and if a man will study it he may avoid many perils and delays. For, although times have changed and manners have changed with them, the great truths stand firm. Two and two still make four. No one has been born who knows more about honesty than Socrates knew, or more about love than Jesus.

If the universities teach men how to live then the universities are more important than the money market. That they do inspire men we know from the life-stories of our greatest public servants, as well as from the work of such poets as Milton, Matthew Arnold, and Rupert Brooke. That is why we cannot believe that anything could possibly be "too big for Oxford."

We are afraid that the writer who used that phrase thought of Oxford as a sort of fashion school, but nothing could be more vulgar, more silly, or more false in every sense of the word.

In Oxford, and in any other university of good repute, a man is not valued for his money or for the accident of his birth. There is not a professor who would not honour an old shepherd for the wisdom he has garnered in a life of toil. Much knowledge brings much humility, and it is only the shallow mind which thinks it is too big to learn.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## The Mighty Difference

WE have been reminded of a passage in which the German poet Goethe describes how Marie Antoinette once passed through Strasburg on her way to Paris. Before the queen's arrival a regulation was made that no deformed persons or cripples should show themselves on the route.

"I made a little poem on the subject," wrote Goethe, "in which I contrasted the advent of Christ, who seemed to wander through the world for the sake of the sick and lame, with the arrival of the queen who scared such unfortunates away."

We have not been able to find Goethe's poem, but it is good to feel that the spirit of it has grown more and more since he wrote it.

## Brothers at War

WHILE the war men are busy in the world again it is not amiss, perhaps, to pass on a note that we were reading the other day.

In a small frontier war in South Africa a colonel was fired on by a Basuto, who missed him but killed his horse. The colonel fired back and broke the man's arm, and the native fell. Then, standing up, he stoically awaited death, but to his surprise the colonel approached him, bandaged his arm, and told him to be off.

Some years later the colonel happened to be stopping near a Basuto village for the night when he noticed a native who stared intently but did not speak. Half an hour later that native appeared with his family, a sheep, milk, vegetables, and a handful of sticks, and said: "I offer these gifts to the man who first broke and then mended my arm!"

Is there not something in this true story to make all sane men revolt at the idiocy of war?

## Captains

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

THE other day an elderly man who has never done anything but drift into trouble all his life, and is now thoroughly bogged in misfortune, said with great pathos in his voice "Fate has been too hard for me."

It is useless to tell him the truth, because it is too late. But he might have been a wealthy and respected citizen if only he had set out to live as the traveller set out to motor from Marseilles to Gibraltar. A friend had wagered that the journey could not be done, as the Spanish roads were "impassable and impossible." But the traveller took two cars, and in the second there rode a mule, which helped both cars over the worst places.

We are sure that traveller will never need to borrow money from a friend or ask help from the State.

## The Answer Splendid

WE heard this little story the other day of a writer asked by an editor for "a first-class article, something indeed in the style of Swift, with a dash of Sterne."

In answer to this ambitious and hopeful demand the worthy writer replied:

"Very good. In that case I shall require a cheque to correspond in value, something in the style of Rothschild, with a dash of Baring."

## Tip-Cat

WOMEN are carrying their hair in their handbags, we read. In case they lose their heads, no doubt.

A WHITE elephant is coming to London. But did we want another?

THE latest invention is an india-rubber nursery. The very thing for bouncing babies.

MEN are said to acquire the qualities of the things they work with.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

If an overhead  
railway porter is a  
highwayman

That is why trombone players usually have sound constitutions.

ALL rates, according to a collector, are paid in sorrow. Except in our locality, where they prefer cash.

DOES a genuine Englishman ever take himself seriously? It depends on where he is taking himself.

THE gentleman who thinks the British workman has deteriorated noticed him one evening just when he was going off.

ONE cannot tell the whole truth in ten minutes. Some do not even try.

MR. JACK JONES declares that he stands for the right to be lazy. That is why he wears a lounge suit.

THEY are happy who are not compelled to think about their health. Much happier than those who have not got any to think about.

## A Prayer for the Night

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton

## The Treasure

By Our Country Girl

FRIENDS, let us say:  
Come rain or shine  
I love Today,  
For it is mine,  
And Caesar would  
Give all his fame  
If Caesar could  
See morning flame,  
Although it be  
A sullen dawn  
O'er leafless tree  
And frozen lawn,  
Or where no hoof  
Of faun can go,  
On city roof  
And sullied snow.  
The mummied kings  
Of Egypt old  
Would give their rings,  
Their beds of gold,  
If that would buy  
This day of ours,  
Come cloudless sky  
Or ringing showers.  
Since nothing can  
Bribe Time to stay,  
Oh, Everyman,  
Live well Today!

## The Shoemaker

One of our readers has an old cobbler friend in her village, and sends us this note of him.

A SMALL, cheery-faced man our shoemaker is, getting old now, but carrying on with his mending.

One morning he showed me a queer, dried-up object about a foot and a half long.

"Do you know what that is?" he asked. I thought it was a snake. "That is a fish," he told me. "They swim about and snap up the little shrimps in hundreds with their long mouths." He fingered it lovingly and began telling me eagerly of its habits.

His interest aroused mine and held it. Away he went, caught on the tide of his own enthusiasm. He spoke of silver birches, the aristocrats of the woody world; of the sturdy oaks of which tables are made, already hundreds of years old when new; he became excited over the subject of animals and their tracks.

## Why the Hare Stumbles

He told me of the hare, which leaps uphill like lightning, leaving the dogs far behind, but, coming down, stumbles and falls headlong, an easy prey, all because his hind-legs are longer than his fore-legs and trip him up. He told me of stoats, swift and sly, of rabbits and foxes, with innumerable facts about wild life in spring. His mind was crammed with things beautiful and strange.

While he sat busy over boots and shoes away went mind and soul on wonderful journeys among the creatures of the wild.

Perhaps it was not strange, after all, that he found his leather trade tolerable, for it is a tough trade and a strong; and who knew where that leather had been? Out beneath the sky, at any rate, and redolent once of earth and shaggy hair and breath from snorting nostrils.



## A BRAZIL NUT FOR EUROPE

### PRICE OF LOG-ROLLING AT GENEVA

#### The Most Serious Crisis the League Has Faced

#### THE DANGER WITHIN ITS RANKS

Brazil (not for the first time!) has given Europe a hard nut to crack. She has postponed Germany's entry into the League of Nations.

It is important to remember, at the beginning, that nothing vital has happened, that all the real difficulties about Germany's admission have been overcome, and that it is practically certain that all will be well in the autumn.

What has really happened may yet prove to be a blessing in disguise, for it has been a great warning to the League of the danger of allowing the old spirit of intrigue to creep into it. There has been an attempt to build up camps within the League, and it is entirely a good thing that the attempt has been defeated. The pity is that it has been defeated at such a bitter price as postponing Germany's entry to the Council.

#### A Bad Example

Though we are bound to admit that Brazil had something to say to justify her attitude, it is impossible to believe that she would have carried things so far if she had not been set a bad example by others, and it will seem to many that she has stained her good name. Yet Brazil did not object to Germany entering the League; on the contrary, her delegate declared in his speech to the Assembly: "We regret sincerely that the great German nation has not been immediately admitted."

But the Brazilian representative declared that these things should not be arranged by a few Great Powers behind the scenes. What he was hinting at was the wire-pulling and intriguing that had been going on.

#### Sweden's Firm Stand

From the first France had been determined to get Poland on the Council at the same time as Germany, and M. Briand had been helped by Sir Austen Chamberlain. It seems probable that Poland was promised this seat at Locarno, the idea being that Poland would be largely influenced by France and would support France in any question where Germany was concerned.

As this sort of bargaining is contrary to the spirit of the League a number of small nations have strongly objected to it, and there has been great admiration in this country of the firm stand made by Sweden, which declared that it would not agree to any other nation but Germany being added to the Council. Brazil also demanded that if there was a seat for Poland there should be a seat for Brazil too. So Brazil claimed a seat and threatened to veto Germany unless she had one, whereas Sweden declared that Germany had been promised admission to the Council as it exists, and it would be unjust that the Council should be altered before Germany was admitted.

#### Trafficking in Seats

At last, in order to save the situation, it was agreed that Sweden and Czechoslovakia, by an act of great self-sacrifice, should resign their seats as elective members so that Holland and Poland might be elected in their stead! Whether the Assembly would have agreed to this trafficking in seats we cannot tell now; it seems truly absurd.

Spain, who was also claiming a seat, let it be known that, though she would not actually vote against Germany, she would resign from the League if Germany were elected and Spain not elected; but Brazil went farther. She could not prevent the Assembly appointing Poland

## CHEAP LAW FOR THE POOR

FOR a long time solicitors have organised committees to give free legal advice to people too poor to consult a solicitor in the ordinary way. Now another important step has been taken in the same direction.

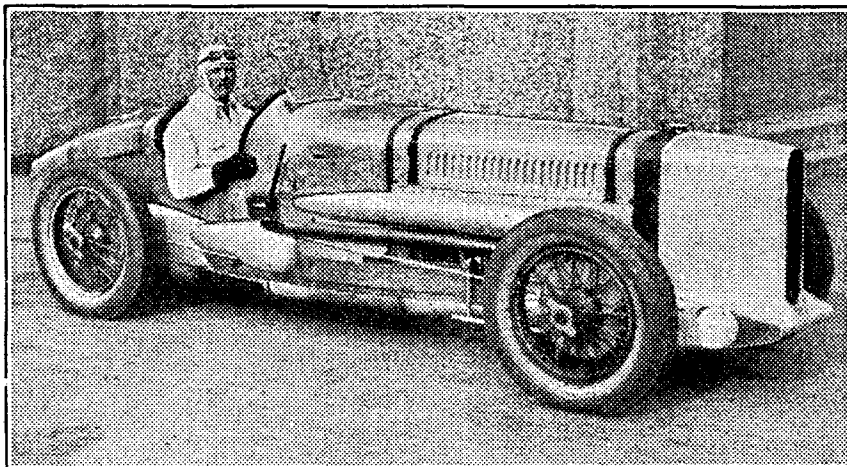
A department of the Law Courts has for some time arranged for poor people who find themselves involved in law cases to be given the necessary help from solicitors, and, where needed, from barristers as well. This work is now to be done by the solicitors themselves.

The Law Society in London and the Provincial Law Societies in other towns have appointed committees to whom

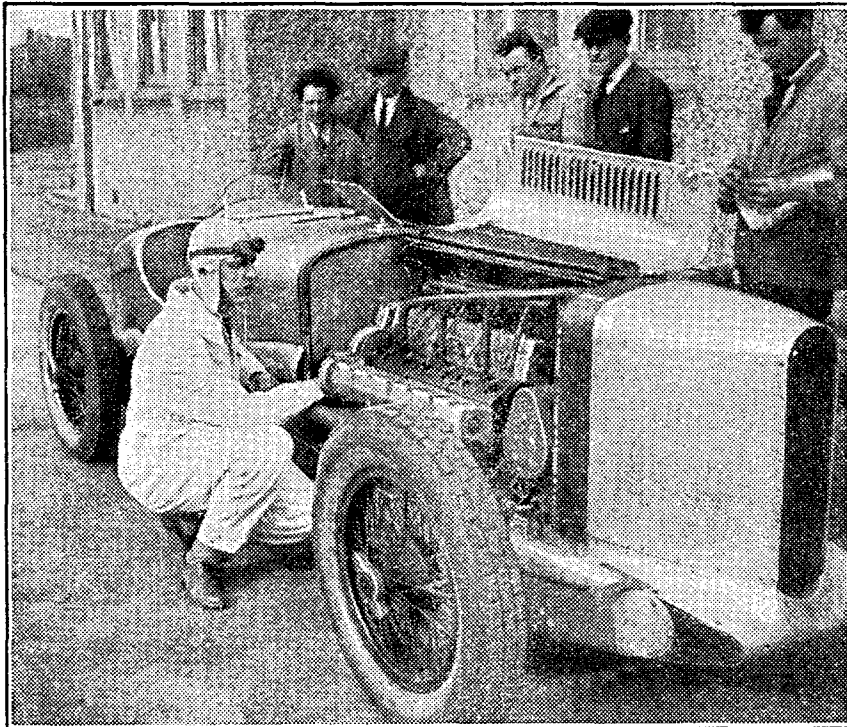
poor people may apply, and the Supreme Court has adopted a series of rules for carrying on the work. It will be the duty of these committees to go into the applications from poor people, to make sure that they cannot afford to employ lawyers in the ordinary way, and to get together a body of lawyers who are willing to give their help.

Of course if the poor client can afford anything toward his lawyer's out-of-pocket expenses he will be asked to pay, and if a successful action puts money in his pocket he may be asked to pay a little toward the lawyer's reasonable charges.

## THE CAR THAT BEAT THE WORLD'S RECORD



Major Segrave in his car



Examining the engine before a start

Major H. O. D. Segrave, in an all-British Sunbeam car of 33 horse-power, has beaten the world's record for speed. Running on the sands at Southport he did a kilometre in 14.687 seconds, that is at the rate of 152.308 miles an hour, and for part of the distance attained a speed of 154 miles an hour.

to an elective seat, but she could prevent the Council from accepting Germany as a permanent member, because acceptance by the Council must be unanimous, and Brazil is at present (until December) an elected member of the Council.

And so, a South American State having been enabled to thwart the good intentions of Europe, the whole business has had to be adjourned till September, when the Assembly's annual meeting is held and the elections take place for the six temporary seats on the Council.

The one bright spot in the Geneva landscape is that nothing that has happened interferes in any way with the spirit of Locarno. The treaty does not actually operate until Germany is on the Council, but all difficulties between the seven Locarno Powers have been settled, and the difficulties that exist have nothing to do with Locarno. They began with the evil spirit which suggested

balancing the entry of Germany by the admission of Poland, and they were defeated by the action of smaller States in refusing to countenance such things.

The highest honours go to Sweden and her brave delegate M. Uden. The best friends of Poland regret that she allowed her claim to a seat to be pushed so far as to seriously damage the League in the eyes of the world.

The pity is that in all this the British representative has been largely responsible for what has happened. If we had supported Sweden at the outset, instead of supporting the French proposal, this wreckage might have been avoided.

Two things stand out; one is the obvious general anxiety of nations to save the League from breaking down; another is the warning to the League itself of the need for constant watchfulness. The time has not yet come when all nations are perfect.

## SEEING THINGS FAR AWAY

### AND SENDING SCENES BY WIRELESS

#### Television Coming Perhaps Sooner Than We Think

#### AMERICAN PICTURES WIRELESSED TO EUROPE

Although ordinary people hear very little about it a great deal is going on in the new world of wireless photography.

A photograph of Mr. R. A. Chattock, President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, was sent from England to America the other day by the Marconi Company, and some wonderful pictures have been sent from American wireless stations to the big German station at Nauen. The German system is stated to work very rapidly, which means that the cost will be much reduced.

Wireless pictures were sent ten miles across London the other day by Mr. Thorne Baker's machines.

#### Broadcasting Vision

Seeing by wireless, as well as sending pictures by wireless, is likely to come almost before we are ready for it. An application has actually been made to the Postmaster General to consider the granting of licences for broadcasting vision, and in America one of the most famous manufacturing firms, the Westinghouse Electric, is engaged in completing a method of broadcasting pictures. Many inventors have been making steady progress elsewhere.

It is, in fact, already possible to see a simple object by wireless. The face of a person looking into an instrument can be seen on the screen of another instrument miles away. On an ordinary amateur wireless set Mr. C. F. Jenkins has succeeded in showing a simple moving picture transmitted from a sort of kinematograph machine running at some distant place. An English inventor, Mr. Baird, has also made an instrument which has gone far toward solving the problem of seeing by wireless.

#### Turning Light Into Electricity

The results may be very imperfect, but television is coming. Progress in electrical matters is so astonishingly rapid that the development of this new science may take place at a bewildering rate.

Much of the recent progress has been due to improvements effected in the photo-electric cells which are used to convert the light reflected from an object into electric current. The electric currents formed by the cell are transmitted by wireless on a carrier wave, and are received and reconverted into light by the viewing instrument. A new cell has been invented which combines the powers of an ordinary photo-electric cell with the amplifying powers of the wireless valve. It is this new light-sensitive element on which such great hopes of further progress are based.

Seeing by wireless has now reached the stage in which photography was some fifty years ago, with all the added advantages of the immense store of scientific knowledge since acquired.

## TALKING TO BERLIN

### A Night Service Begun

Any London telephone subscriber can now call up a subscriber in Berlin and have a three-minute chat with him any time between six in the evening and seven in the morning.

It is an experimental arrangement, and if it is successful it is hoped to set up a day and night service in June, when a new cable will be ready from England to an island three miles from the Hook of Holland.

The three-minute talk is not exactly cheap; it is 16s. before 8 p.m. and 9s. 7d. after that. Nearer German towns—Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt, and Cologne—can be rung up more cheaply.



## £100,000 SENT DOWN BY A TORPEDO

And Brought Up by Six  
Japanese

### A GALLANT FEAT

By our Paris Correspondent

The Journal of the French Mercantile Marine publishes an account by Mr. Ibrahim Bey of a most profitable salvage operation, that of £100,000 in gold coin from the hold of the vessel *Jasaka Maru*, which was torpedoed during the war sixty miles from Port Said.

This salvage was undertaken by a Japanese firm with very modest resources and instruments.

The director of the undertaking arrived at Port Said with six trained Japanese divers. There he acquired two little steamers.

The divers wore a mask which had a glass visor and a tube through which air was pumped down. A rope round the waist served the purpose of hoisting the men to the surface and a leaden ring provided the weight to facilitate the descent.

### How the Divers Fared

It was with this meagre equipment that these men went down into 33 fathoms of water. They reached the bottom in two minutes, worked for ten minutes, and reached the surface in three minutes and a half. The work lasted six weeks. They discovered the wreck, located the compartment containing the valuables, entered it, found the chests of gold, and stowed them in proper order; the two little steamers did the rest.

That, says Mr. Ibrahim Bey, surely is the most economical and extraordinary salvage operation ever heard of.

Yes; but when the object of their quest had been attained, of these six brave divers one was dead and three were in hospital dangerously ill; only two had been able to withstand the strain to the end.

## BRAVE FISHERMEN OF 10,000 YEARS AGO

### The Shell-Mound Folk of Kent

At about the beginning of the Neolithic Period of the Stone Age there were living on the shores of Denmark people who existed principally on shell-fish, and who formed huge mounds of the discarded shells.

These ancient fishermen had domesticated the dog, used coarse pottery, and made flint implements, including an axe with a straight cutting edge and more or less straight sides.

The Danish shell-mounds were accumulated about 10,000 years ago, and, though fairly numerous on the coast of Denmark, had been found but rarely in England.

Not long ago, however, Mr. J. P. I. Burchell discovered a site of this period at Lower Halstow, on the north coast of Kent. The place is situated on a tongue of land running northward into the centre of the Upchurch Marshes.

Here, on the surface of the London clay, has been found a workshop floor of the shell-mound people. The ancient level occurs under a deposit of marsh clay and consists of a series of circular patches, 3 feet to 4 feet wide and 3 inches to 4 inches deep, which are composed of blackened earth and burned flints. Several examples of the shell-mound axe have been found, together with flakes, cores, borers, points, and scrapers of various kinds.

As in all probability England was separated from the Continent in those days, these ancient fisherfolk must have braved the North Sea in their frail dug-out canoes; and the site of their dwelling-place was probably chosen because the wide-spreading marsh afforded good protection from enemies.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The Church Missionary Society has received £6000 anonymously.

A hundred Birmingham schoolboys are to spend ten days in Paris at Easter.

A nurse who served in the Crimea under Florence Nightingale has just died aged 93.

### A Town Buys a Lifeboat

Nottingham has raised £6000 to buy a motor lifeboat for Folkestone.

### Broken Bottle Peril

A man has been fined £3 for smashing a glass bottle in a London street.

### Ink

The Government spent over £6000 last year on ink.

### A Blind Organist

A blind man who died the other day aged eighty was organist at a church in Hastings for 58 years.

### Snow Follows Fire

A fall of snow has followed the heath-land fires above Matlock caused by the scorching of the sun.

### Giving His Fortune

A working-man has given his life's savings, £100, to a London hospital which saved his life many years ago.

### Horses on the Line

Six horses escaping from a meadow at Vitry-sur-Loire, in France, were dashed into by a train, and three were killed.

### The Dignity of Bath

The City of Bath refuses to copy Piccadilly Circus, and is forbidding the spoiling of the streets by electric signs.

### A Gold Watch in the Collection

A gold watch was put into the collection box at a Streatham church on behalf of Japanese missions.

### Sir Walter Scott's Cousin

An old lady whose father was a cousin of Sir Walter Scott has lately died at Eastbourne.

### Castle for Coal Miners

Blair Castle, Fifeshire, has been given by the Fife Coal Company, together with 28 acres of land, as a convalescent home for miners.

### Electricity for the Farm

Electricity, now used by over 500 British farmers, is being adapted to over 200 agricultural uses in this country.

### Lunch on the Bus

A motor-bus running between San Francisco and Los Angeles carries a steward who serves hot and cold lunches from a tiny kitchen.

### The Turtle and the Cow

A cow's tongue was bitten by a large snapping turtle in eastern Canada. The turtle refused to release its hold and had to be killed.

### How the President Knew

President Coolidge lost his topcoat in Chicago the other day, but was not aware of the fact until he read the news in a Washington paper next morning.

### From Shepherd Boy to Mayor

A former Mayor of Northampton who has just died at 92 began life as a shepherd boy and was forty years on the Town Council.

### A Workhouse Boy's Rise

It was reported at a meeting of the Erpingham Guardians in Norfolk the other day that a boy who was in their care 18 years ago is now a business man with £1000 a year.

### A Marvellous Escape

Failing to hear the approach of a train while working on a railway viaduct at Liskeard a man saved his life by falling down and letting the train pass over him.

### Fines for Non-Voters

At Adelaide in South Australia 135 people have been fined ten shillings for not voting in the Commonwealth elections. Over 6000 were let off because they offered good excuses.

### Luther Burbank Has a Good Year

Luther Burbank, the American plant wizard, had one of his most successful years last year. His greatest triumph was probably a new type of maize with a much heavier yield.

## THE WEALTH WE THROW AWAY

Hundreds of Thousands  
of Tons Lost

### WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR RUBBISH

London has three-quarters of a million tons of rubbish to dispose of every year. What is done with it?

Some authorities dump it on waste land. Others dump it, but take the precaution of mixing it with layers of earth. Others tip it into the river, a scandalous and unhealthy practice. Others burn it.

But a few realise that waste has market value if it is properly sorted out. The dust, cinders, and so on, can be used to lighten heavy soils. The metals can be melted down and used again.

The Ministry of Health is conducting an inquiry into the matter, and it is hoped, as a result, to start a movement for putting an end to the present waste and danger to health. It will be shown that in these days there is no such thing as rubbish.

## MISS FUMIKO MITANI America and a Little Lady

Young America evidently does not share the prejudices of its elders.

At Mount Holyoke College for Women in Massachusetts, one of the leading schools for women in the States, the girls each year elect one of their number as the Perfect Girl. This year the honour has fallen to Miss Fumiko Mitani, of Kyoto, Japan.

The irony of the choice is that under the American Japanese Exclusion Law Miss Mitani will have to leave the United States after she has completed her course at Holyoke, for legally she will not be looked upon as a fit fellow-inhabitant of the country for the girls who have just so honoured her. Which shows how ridiculous these racial laws can be!

## THE COBBLER'S CAT Sticking to the Post of Duty

This is the plain tale of a cat which neglected her duty of guarding her cobbler-owner's shop from mice.

Probably wearied by fruitless search she took a nap, but, unfortunately for her peace of mind, on a cloth on her couch was a large quantity of cobbler's wax. Next morning Tabby was a prisoner, as her warmth had melted the wax, to which she stuck. "It took me several hours' work with a scalpel and a pair of scissors," remarked an official of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, "to liberate Tabby," who went home with no fur on one side of her body and with a perfectly naked tail.

## SINKING FOUNDATIONS A Church in Peril

Owing to the subsidence of a subterranean passage a church at Amiens is in a very precarious state. The arches and walls are cracked, the windows have become dislodged, and the choir is seriously damaged.

The problem has been left to the mine-owners to solve, and it is hoped something will be done to save the church from total ruin.

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Boccaccio's Fall of Princes . . .	£1750
120 air stamps . . . . .	£1000
Etching by Sir F. S. Haden . . .	£370
Volume of 17th-century tracts . .	£250
Suit of 16th-century armour . . .	£240
Pair of James II candlesticks . .	£89

One of the only two known copies of Timothy Bright's "Characterie," the first known book on shorthand, realised £500.

## WHISTLER'S GREAT PORTRAIT

His Mother in Her Place  
of Honour

### STORY OF A FAMOUS PICTURE

Whistler's famous portrait of his mother has just been, or is about to be, hung in the Louvre.

So Whistler's secret ambition has been fulfilled. He wanted to see his picture of his mother hung in the famous National Gallery of France.

We are now so assured about the peculiar genius of James McNeill Whistler that we remember with some amazement how hardly he was treated in his early years.

The Mother and the Carlyle picture, two of the most famous portraits of modern Europe, which we might think any committee would jump at buying, lay for twenty years unsold. They had been exhibited in Paris and London and Glasgow and returned to the artist's studio. Whistler looked at them and probably felt a little bitter, as artists do, and then settled down to bide his time. His portraiture was but one part of his work, and he went steadily on, etching, making lovely drawings of the Thames-side, the Loire, Paris, creating water-colours of an extraordinary delicacy, and from time to time painting another of the pictures of men and women into which his rare and delicate genius crept more than he knew.

Now and again he would look at the Mother and old Carlyle, who "grouched" so at the number of sittings he had to give and, looking at the canvas one day, said, "Man, I'd like ye to know I'm in the habit of wearing clean linnen."

Whistler's love for even, low tones was never more marked than in these two pictures. They are poems in tranquil, evenly-flowing verse, delicate songs pitched in a minor key. They are as quiet as the earliest Greek statues. Perhaps this is why it took Glasgow twenty years, and the Luxembourg Gallery twenty years, to decide that they wanted them.

Glasgow paid her thousand guineas down for the Carlyle. The Luxembourg, being poor at the moment, paid a miserable £130 for the Mother. Whistler struck his own bargain. He was willing to let the Mother go for a song provided the Luxembourg Committee would give him their word of honour that the picture should presently be transferred to the Louvre.

In Whistler's opinion this was the greatest honour that could be paid to any artist.

## MORE LIGHT FOR DAFFODILS

### Blooming in Four Days

The Institution of Electrical Engineers was told the other day how vegetables could be grown much more successfully with the help of electric light.

Transplanted seedlings usually droop, and sometimes die; in any case, they take at least a week before they get a firm hold of the new ground. But by giving them enough light after transplanting they will develop nearly a week's growth in the first night, and will then be ready for market three or four weeks earlier than usual.

The new discovery is that far more light should be given to the young plants than has ever been tried before. Young daffodils, if exposed to intense light, will flower in four days, and narcissi in seven.



April 3, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

9

THE TOWN BEYOND  
THE JUNGLEWHAT LIFE IS LIKE ON  
THE CONGOThe Little Boy Hero who  
Arrived Just in Time

## WHERE THE C.N. GOES

From a Congo correspondent comes this little glimpse of wild life and boy life in the heart of the African forest.

Yuli is a little town tucked away inland 150 miles from where the River Ikelamba falls into the Congo, about a thousand miles from the mouth of that mighty waterway. All around is forest, the trees standing in water.

When we arrive at our creek, and by means of a canoe reach land, it is but a narrow, winding path through the jungle. The sky is hidden by the trees, and in the darkness we walk in Indian file, the native boys carrying our boxes slung between poles.

There are many monkeys in the trees, and the natives think monkey-meat a great delicacy. It is surprising how clever they are with their bows and arrows. Even small boys will go into the river when the water is low and shoot the fish.

## Leopard and Boar

One day when the natives who gather copal gum were walking along our narrow forest path they saw a leopard and a boar fighting. Leopards are usually afraid of men, and this one took to flight. The men ran too, all but one, who threw his spear-like copal tool at the boar, whereupon the enraged and wounded animal rushed furiously at his aggressor and knocked him down.

The man hung on to the animal's head, but was severely torn and bitten and would have been killed had not a small boy arrived on the scene. The boy was a little hero. He rushed at the pig with his bush-knife, and managed to attract its attention to himself, giving the man a chance to get up. Then, between them, they succeeded in killing and securing the animal.

## A Much-Prized Present

The wounded man came to the missionary doctor's house, where his injuries were attended to, and shortly afterwards the boy was presented with the gift he desired most of all, a brand-new shirt! He is very proud of it, and the other native boys all envy him his shirt and his courage.

The post to the far-away place where our correspondent lives leaves England about once in three weeks, and the Children's Newspaper, which goes there regularly, is about six weeks on the journey. Everyone who can read English reads it, and the others look at the pictures while somebody translates the stories and articles into the Lomongo tongue.

Picture on page 12

## ANOTHER LAUGH GOING

Telegram in Your Own  
Handwriting

The old lady's story is coming true. She refused to believe a telegram because it was not in her son's writing; and most of us have laughed at the tale. But there will be no room to laugh at it much longer; another bit of humour is going out of the world.

It is all due to the great progress which has been made in the sending of photographs by telegraph.

Many French post offices are now accepting written letters, which are copied by photography, and with the instruments invented by M. Belin the letters are telegraphed as they were written, and are delivered as an exact facsimile of the sender's handwriting.

GREAT IDEA BEFORE  
PARLIAMENTONE MINISTRY OF  
DEFENCEThe Three Fighting Services  
that Fight Each Other

## WHY NOT UNITE THEM?

Why should we have three War Ministries—for Navy, Army, and Air Force? Why not one Ministry of Defence to control all three? That is the very important question Parliament and the Government are considering.

At present we have the First Lord of the Admiralty, in charge of the Navy; the Secretary for War, in charge of the Army; and the Secretary for Air, in charge of the Air Force. Each of these Departments hammers out its own policy and its own estimates of expenditure, and the Cabinet and Parliament have to decide as best they can between their rival claims.

## A Check on Extravagance

Some time ago, to meet this difficulty, a Committee of the Cabinet was formed with expert advisers, called the Committee of Imperial Defence, but this has not secured the complete cooperation that was hoped for, and it does not control estimates. Many people think that the time has come to go a step farther in the same direction by making one Department under one Minister.

We cannot afford to do all the things that all the three services would like us to do, and there is often a rather unseemly scramble as to which can get the most out of the taxpayer's pocket, the one shouting loudest being apt to win. By putting them all into one Department it is thought that we should compel them to thresh out an agreed policy, each acting as a check on the extravagance of the other.

It is thought, too, that three War Ministers in one Cabinet is at least too many now that we have the League of Nations and the Court of International Justice.

## TEN LITTLE BROTHERS

## A Tale of the Flood in Alsace

Through the overflowing of the river Weser in Alsace the region of Minder, near Strasbourg, has been flooded.

The inhabitants of a little village had noticed that a fox, two hares, and seven rabbits had taken refuge in a little hillock made by a heap of beetroots, and as the floods continued to rise these little creatures were seen to nestle close to each other. They lived in this brotherly way three days and three nights, and on the fourth day a few peasants decided to go in a boat to rescue the marooned animals. The rabbits and the hares gave themselves up willingly, but the fox jumped bravely into the water, hoping to swim ashore.

So weakened was he by hunger, however, that he was carried away with the current and drowned.

## CHILDREN'S HYMNS

## A New and Excellent Collection

The Children's Special Service Mission has issued a new and greatly enlarged edition of its Golden Bells Hymn Book for young people, with music. The sale of the hymn book in its earlier forms has reached nearly four million copies.

The new book contains 703 hymns, of which only 386 were in the former editions. Many hymnals have been consulted in order to make the new collection representative of different types of worship, and the collection wisely blends music old and new. Altogether the book is admirably adapted for its special purpose, and we wish for it another generation of success and popularity.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK  
IN HISTORY

## Tennyson in Wordsworth's Coat

On April 3, 1843, Wordsworth became Poet Laureate.

Upon the death of Southey the poet-laureateship was offered to Wordsworth, who at first declined on the ground of his inability to discharge the duties. Sir Robert Peel having assured him that no official verses would be required from him, he accepted the offer. In May, 1845, he went to London upon being invited to a state ball. He afterwards attended a levée in court dress, and had to be forced into Rogers's clothes and to wear Davy's sword. Tennyson was squeezed into the same coat when he had to attend a levée as Wordsworth's successor.

LESLIE STEPHEN

Won't the court laurel (such as it is) be all the worthier of you for Wordsworth's having worn it first?

MRS BROWNING to Tennyson.

He seems to me, at his best, the greatest English poet since Milton. TENNYSON

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

With What Chemicals are the Figures of  
a Luminous Clock Charged?

Usually with barium sulphide impregnated with some radio-active substance.

Does Boiled Water Freeze More Quickly  
than Ordinary Tap Water?

Yes; because it has less dissolved matter in it, and dissolved substances lower the freezing-point of water.

## Have All the Stars Names?

Only very prominent or interesting stars have names, like Algor and Aldebaran, but astronomers for convenience name the minor stars by Greek letters or numbers.

How Long Does it Take Electricity to  
Travel Round the World?

Electricity, like light, travels at 186,000 miles a second, so to travel round the world at the Equator, 25,000 miles, would take about a seventh of a second.

## Who was Omar Khayyam?

A Persian poet, astronomer, and mathematician who lived from 1071 to 1123 and is best known by his Rubaiyat, or quatrains, many of which were translated into English verse by Edward FitzGerald.

Why is There Sometimes a Large,  
Luminous Ring Round the Moon?

The ring round the Moon is known as a lunar halo, and is due to the refraction of light through the minute ice crystals of cirrus cloud in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

What is the Greatest Speed Attained on  
a Push Cycle?

The record for speed from a standing start is Gombault's record of 1 kilometre, or 1093 yards, in 53.35 seconds. From a flying start W. T. Hall did one mile in 61.15 seconds.

Why Does a Candle Wick Curl when it  
is Lighted?

It is woven in a particular way to do this so that it may fall into the hottest part of the flame and be burned up, instead of standing upright and needing snuffing, as in the old days.

## Why Does Rain Form in Drops?

Because the moisture in the atmosphere needs something to condense round, and it is the minute particles of dust, of which there are myriads in the air, that are used as nuclei for this purpose. Hence the multiplicity of drops.

Who Invented the Centigrade  
Thermometer?

The Centigrade system of measuring temperature was first suggested by Anders Celsius, professor of astronomy at Upsala in Sweden, and the Centigrade thermometer is sometimes called the Celsius thermometer after him.

Were the People of Pompeii Petrified by  
the Eruption of Vesuvius?

No; they were burned, or their buried bodies decayed, leaving spaces where they had lain. Into some of these spaces liquid plaster was poured by archaeologists, and when the surrounding pumice and ash were removed plaster casts of the bodies in the attitude in which the people died were obtained and are now preserved.

COMETS NOW IN  
THE SKY

## RARE VISITORS ARRIVE

Journey of 1600 Million Miles  
into the Depths of SpaceSPECTACULAR SIGHT  
LONG OVERDUE

By the C.N. Astronomer

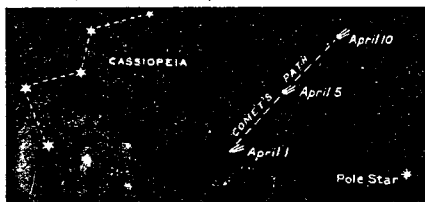
Several comets adorn the sky, but they are not much in evidence though of great interest telescopically.

Tuttle's comet has returned and is now approaching the Sun from the distant regions of Saturn's orbit; it is still a telescopic object, but getting brighter every day.

The new comet discovered by Mr. T. E. Blathwayt in South Africa, while getting farther north and in better position for observation in these latitudes, is also getting very much farther away and much fainter, and will be visible only in powerful telescopes. The same conditions apply to the comet Schain 1925a.

Possibly by the time this article appears one or two more will have been detected, three other comets being expected to come within reach of telescopic vision. These are Finlay's comet, Tempel-Swift's, and Kopff's comet.

Ensen's comet, so far a disappointing object, may, in favourable circumstances, be found with the aid of our star map.



The reputed path of Ensen's comet from April 1 to 10, near which it may be visible

which shows its path and position between 8 and 9 p.m. during next week in the north-western sky.

But this comet is also travelling away from us and the Sun, having been in perihelion, that is at its nearest to the Sun, about February 12, when it was between thirty and forty million miles from the Sun.

Tuttle's comet is of the greatest interest, because it is an old visitor to our skies, returning periodically every 13½ years. It is expected to be at its nearest to the Sun on April 27; then Tuttle's comet will be a little farther from the Sun than the Earth is, about 96 million miles. After this Tuttle's comet will start on its long journey of some 1600 million miles to a remote region 40 million miles beyond Saturn's orbit, which it will reach in nearly seven years time.

This is one of Saturn's family of comets, so called because Saturn apparently influences or controls them at aphelion so that they do not travel very far beyond his orbit, Saturn's aphelion distance being 940 million miles from the Sun, while the aphelion distance of Tuttle's comet is about 980 million miles.

This comet's perihelion distance is a little over two million miles outside the Earth's orbit, so if our world had happened to be in that part of her orbit when this comet was near it we should have had a splendid view of it. But, as it is, the Earth is on the opposite side of her orbit, about 180 million miles away, so we shall see very little of Tuttle's comet this time. It is in the constellation of Taurus, to the right of the Hyades and Aldebaran, travelling south-eastward toward Orion.

As one of the grand spectacular comets of immense size is now long overdue we are justified in expecting one before long. Actually there has not been a great comet well placed in our skies since the Great Comet of 1882, which was visible for nine months and had a tail 60 million miles long.

G. F. M.  
**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus, Mars, and Jupiter in the south-east. In the evening Saturn south-east after 10 p.m.



# SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

## A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

### What Has Happened Before

Two boys, travelling together to a new school, find that they are not only alike in appearance, but bear the same names. As the train pulls up at the station one, who is more smartly dressed than the other, jumps out and disappears in a tea-shop, and later is driven to school.

### CHAPTER 3 First Impressions

DUMPING his belongings down in the hall, John Andrew followed the shambling form of his guide. He felt a trifle astonished by his reception, and equally astonished at this old man's shabbiness. He liked old clothes himself, he remembered at once, but he did draw the line at a butler who wore a frock coat instead of a morning coat, and a collar that was grubby, and a frayed tie.

"H'm!" he mused. "The Head can't be frightfully particular."

He supposed that he was being taken straight to that dignitary, or to the master on special duty to receive new boys. Therefore he received a second mild shock when the old gentleman conducted him into a room where, in the various stages of some kind of meal, four or five other boys surrounded a slovenly table.

While they ate they were laughing and talking noisily.

He had time to notice that the room wanted ventilating, and that its dingy wallpaper was relieved by splashes of ink, a couple of maps, and some shelves on which a few books lolled, before he received his third shock, not quite so mild. It proceeded from the lips of his escort.

"Silence, boys! Silence! Our new boarder, J. A. Smith!"

So this shabby individual of the mild eye and the waistcoat generously spattered with gravy stains wasn't after all the butler! Then who could he be? Seeing that this introduction had just come from him there seemed to be no answer but one to the question.

"Crumbs!" John Andrew told himself. "He's the Head!"

"I daresay you'd like some supper, Smith. Pull up a chair."

"Thank you, sir," said John Andrew, mentally gaping.

One of the feeders, a youth with a long nose and a languid air, sprawled across the table, and leeringly asked, "Did you say his name was Smith, Mr. Meggs?"

The old gentleman's first reply was a glance of distaste. He then murmured, "Chowler, will you please take your arms off the cloth?"

"Sorry, sir," the offender interposed, grinning.

"And as I've never heard you say you were deaf, Chowler, I feel sure you caught his name distinctly enough."

"Smith's a jolly sight sounder name than Chowler, at any rate!" This startling observation was contributed by John Andrew, who gave the table a defiant glare as he uttered it. With compound interest his glare was returned by the languid youth, who then rose and yawned, and said, "May I slope off to bed, sir?"

Remarking that slope wasn't quite the word to be used in addressing himself, the old gentleman gave permission, and Chowler withdrew.

The newcomer wasn't hungry. Nevertheless, before he rose from the table he had got through cold mutton, potatoes, and a good many thoughts. It struck him that this new school to which he had been sent did not look very new, and was not quite such a place as his guardian had cracked it up to be.

He didn't pretend, he agreed, to know much about schools, but, judging from the behaviour of Master Chowler, the discipline of

this one wasn't going to appal him. No sign here of any "fat" prefects. It was a rum sort of show altogether; a shabby sort of show.

In the double-bedded room to which his luggage had been taken and where, to his vast relief, he found that his room-mate was not Chowler, he learned that mild Mr. Meggs was in truth the Headmaster and that he passed under the amiable name of Old Maggy. He learned, too, that Chowler was by way of being cock of the walk because he was so much bigger than the other boarders, or any of the twenty-three day boys.

"Oh, then there must be other masters?" he put in.

Robson, as his room-mate was called, said there were. There were visiting masters who came and taught "music and things."

"But," he added, "they funk Chowler as well."

John Andrew's dreary face twitched as he answered, "I see."

"You were a goat to tell him your name was better than his!"

"Was I?" said John Andrew.

"Of course you were. He'll have his knife into you now!"

"Will he?" said John Andrew.

And, after tossing his collar across the room, "Doesn't he ever wash his face?" he enquired.

"Who? Chowler?"

"Yes, Chowler. His top lip was all over smudges."

Robson shook his head.

"Those are not smudges; that's his moustache. You'd better not let him hear you running it down."

John Andrew's face twitched again. "I see," he said.

He was just dropping off to sleep when his attention was attracted by a long strip of wallpaper peeling away by the wardrobe. In the dim light of the rising Moon this trailing, twisting strip looked like a snake, and kept him opening and re-opening his eyes to look at it.

"Tomorrow," he thought, "I'll pull the beastly thing off."

Tucked away in a corner he next spied a dark outline, a conical outline; his hat-box! And that reminded him! Like a flash leaped back to his mind his namesake of the train, whom the excitement of arrival had driven clean out of his head. Why hadn't he seen him at supper?

"Robson?" he called.

From the other bed a snore only responded.

Oh, well, that other J. A. Smith had been tired after his journey, and so had probably been allowed to go off to bed early. He'd see him at brekker tomorrow, and he'd have a shot at getting Old Maggy to put them in the same room. That snoring chap Robson wouldn't object to being swapped.

On this conclusion John Andrew fell fast asleep.

### CHAPTER 4 The Other Smith Arrives

It is necessary to set the clock back by a few hours, returning to the moment of the train's arrival at Tidegate. When John Andrew Smith had sprung out, to be swallowed up by the throng on the platform, his namesake had deliberately collected his hat-box, a newspaper which he had brought to read and not looked at, a rug which he had brought to use and not needed, and had alighted to request a porter who looked good-tempered to get his suitcase for him out of the van.

The porter, being engaged in the profitable business of attending to several people at the same time, gabbled "yessirinhalfaminutesir," in one breath, and, having snatched his rug from him, perhaps by way of a hostage, returned in a quarter of an hour with a streaming brow, the suitcase, and "thiswaysirtaxicabsirorfourwheelersir?"

Smith of the family hat-box had never ridden in a taxi. Extraordinary as that may sound nowadays,

it was so. Villagers do not go to their work in taxis, and in Chartam Parva, where his father resided the squire's car and the butcher's bicycle-carrier were as near as they could get to those sprightly conveyances. So he answered "Taxi, of course!" in a crisp, brisk tone which was meant to suggest that he never used anything else, and strutted in the porter's wake to the exit.

"Taxi!" bawled the bearer of suit-case and rug.

Into the lamplight glided a very smart taxi.

Its driver matched it, from his spick-and-span boots and gaiters to the black polished peak of his cap, which shone like a mirror. He raised two fingers to this same polished peak as he whipped open his door and inquired "Where to, sir?"

"St. Quentin," answered his passenger, feeling the porter.

"Window open or closed, sir?"

"You can leave it down, thanks very much."

They were off. The evening air smacked fresh of the sea. In a moment or two they were speeding through a broad street which gleamed with arc-lamps and was bordered by trees and trim lawns. Then the cab began to climb; the air grew more salt; through the window on the left there merged from obscurity a deep, grey, restless, and lazily murmurous sheen.

J. A. Smith thrust his head out with sparkling eyes. He had never before seen the sea from the top of a cliff at nightfall! A time was to come—though how little could he foretell it!—when he would gaze on the sea at the coming of night with feelings of foreboding and quickening alarm. But now, with a catch of the breath, he drank in its beauty as its billows rolled up to lap at the foot of the rocks.

Then the taxi ceased to climb and turned sharply inland, so that he had the sea at his side no longer. With nothing to look upon but the smart chauffeur's shoulders he was able to fix his thoughts on the new life before him. He was guessing that he'd find it rather a change from the little Prep. school near home where he'd been as a day boy. In a very few minutes he supposed he'd be in the thick of it.

It was terrifically exciting! Fat prefects and all that. How that queer chap in the train had groused of fat prefects. Why should they be fat? But it was much more to the point to imagine the Head—what would he be like, and the masters, and the other chaps?

Ah, the cab was turning again; getting back towards the cliff; they'd been forced to go round very likely. Jimini! Perhaps the school would be right on the cliffs; that was splendid! Hallo, they were going under an archway,

and, so far as he could see, this looked like an avenue. Now for it! They were slowing down—they were there!

Before the spick-and-span driver could get to the door J. A. Smith of the family hat-box had skipped nimbly out.

The chauffeur sprang up the steps, but as he was reaching for the bell the door was opened by a liveried manservant, who raised one hand and glanced at a slip of paper.

"One moment, sir. What name?" he inquired of Smith.

"J. A. Smith," in a stout voice.

The manservant consulted his slip a moment. "J. A. Smith. Yes," he rejoined. "You're in Mr. Dean's House, sir." His manner changed haughtily as he gestured the driver to put back the things that had been removed from the cab, and conceded directions how to find Mr. Dean's.

"Right round," he explained, indicating the immense sweep of gravel which stretched in front of them in the light of the headlights. "Past some tennis-courts. And then the first big door on your right."

Up sprang the chauffeur again, and the cab glided cautiously off. Nursing the family hat-box on his knees, J. A. Smith wondered if they had drawn up at the Head's private house, and reflected that the school was more swagger than he had supposed.

They stopped at another door.

"Hope this time we're right, sir," said the chauffeur as he pressed an electric button. J. A. Smith thought he'd stay where he was until they had made sure.

"This Mr. Dean's, please?" he heard his conductor inquiring.

The light of the opened door framed another manservant, the counterpart, or nearly so, of Number One. As soon as he nodded "Yes," and advanced toward the cab, J. A. Smith jumped out and met him half-way.

"Your name, sir, please?"

"J. A. Smith. Mr. Dean's House."

Importantly.

"This way, if you please, sir." And to the chauffeur, "How much?"

"Crumbs!" ejaculated J. A. Smith to himself. "He's going to pay, and have it put down on my bill. That's the way to do things. Hurray!"

Thus rejoicing to see his cab-fare discharged by proxy to the considerable benefit of his small stock of pocket-money, he bade the chauffeur good-night and awaited events.

These led him without delay to a comfortable room and a comfortable lady who seemed somehow to fit it exactly. He put her down as the Matron—and was right the first time—and, perched on a chair, regarded her with approval.

"So you're J. A. Smith!" said she. "You should have come last term. But something prevented. Well, I hope you'll be happy here, Smith."

He fancied that he would be and told her so.

"Mr. Dean will see you after Prayers," she informed him. "Many of the boys don't come back till tomorrow, you know. But some have come today. Come, I'll show you your dormitory."

She conducted him to a large and airy apartment with light, distempered walls, all as clean as a pin. She showed him one of the beds and a tiny brass frame let into the wall at the head. In the frame was a piece of white cardboard. On the cardboard was written, J. A. SMITH.

277. "Please, what does two-seven-seven stand for?" he asked.

"That is your School number," the Matron informed him.

"I say, how many are there in the school?"

"Three hundred and something, I believe. We have sixty in this House."

"Phew! How many Houses?"

"There are five," she said, smiling.

"I'd no idea," he exclaimed, "it was such a big place!"

TO BE CONTINUED

### Who Was He?

## A Great Historian

THE writer of the most dignified history ever penned in the English language was not educated in the ordinary way. We know all about that because he is the one great historian who has written the story of his own life as faithfully as he has traced the fate of empires.

He was born at Putney in the reign of George the Second, when Putney was not in London. As a boy he attended many schools, where he says he acquired knowledge "with many tears," as was the fashion then; but his real education was in his grandfather's and father's libraries. He was so weakly as a boy that he was thrown back on reading, and there is no doubt that caused him to read many sound books; and he remembered what he read.

By the time he went to Oxford he was confirmed in getting learning by reading privately; and, as one of the first results was that he became a Roman Catholic, his father took him away and sent him to be educated in Switzerland by a Protestant pastor. His next escapade was to fall in love with another Protestant pastor's daughter. But his father would not allow the marriage, and he proved an obedient son. The young lady afterwards became the famous wife of a Swiss banker who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in France.

In Switzerland the young man learned French so well that the first book he wrote was written in that language.

On coming home he varied his attention to books by becoming an officer in the Hampshire Militia. Afterwards he travelled abroad for two years, and during his wanderings was so deeply impressed by the ruins of ancient Rome that he resolved to write the story of the fall of that great Empire.

For this purpose he collected a great historical library, and after nineteen years of reading and writing, first in England but later in Switzerland, he completed his great survey of the history that centres on the fall of Rome. The publication of the first volume made a sensation, and the remaining five volumes more than sustained the fame of the book. Later the author wrote his own autobiography, but nothing else, and he died when he was 56.

In his early life he was in Parliament, but though he was a member of the club to which Dr. Johnson belonged and a brilliant talker when he cared

to talk, he never made a speech in the House. In person he was small and very round. His mouth has been described as a round hole in a round face. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



## Pictures from Every Corner of the Earth

There is no picture paper you will love more than the CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL. It is packed with fascinating pictures, stories, and news, and you will love every one of its cheerful pages. You will find stories to make you laugh, true tales of boys and girls who have adventured in all parts of the world; photographs of wonderful cities, strange animals, and of the marvels of science. Don't miss this week's fine issue. Ask your newsagent for the

## CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

Every Tuesday - - - 2d.



April 3, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



# Blow, Blow, Thou Wind of God



## D! MERRYMAN

A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his small boys:

"What is a pilgrim?"

The boy looked puzzled, but answered:

"A pilgrim is a man, sir."

"But that is a very incomplete answer," protested the master. "I am a man, but would you call me a pilgrim?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said the confused little boy. "A pilgrim is a good man."

What Was the Name?

My initials begin with an A, I've an A at the end of my name,

The whole of my name is an A, And it's backwards and forwards the same.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Sprigg?

SPRIGG is a surname derived from a botanical term and originating in a nickname. A tall, lanky person was called a sprig for fun, the reference being to a sprig of a tree, and the name clung to him and his descendants, and at last came to be a recognised surname.

A Rapid Retreat

A SCORPION famed for his bite Crawled into a slipper one night.

In the morning a foot

In that slipper was put;

But did it remain there? Not quite!

How is it possible to double one's income?

By making one pound two every day.

A Narrow Escape

A LITTLE girl was giving a graphic description of her visit to the dentist.

"He took hold of my tooth with his pinchers," she said, "and then, just before the pain killed me, the tooth came out."

What Am I?

My first is in nation and also in land,

My second's in forearm and also in hand,

My third is in halter and also in strap,

My fourth is in encore and also in clasp,

My fifth is in foolish and also in vain,

My sixth is in tarnish and also in stain,

My seventh's in almost and also in just,

My eighth is in sculpture and also in bust,

My ninth is in whistle and also in sing,

My whole is a flower that blossoms in spring.

Answer next week

Hats of the World



Denmark

Belgium

WHAT is always behind time?

The back of a clock.

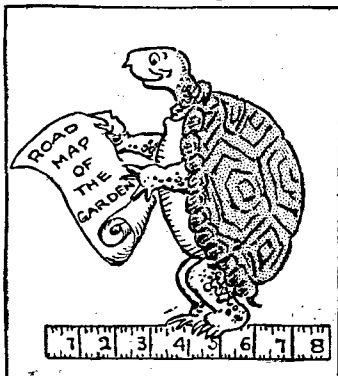
A Science Note

A SCHOOLBOY once described dust as mud with the moisture squeezed out.

WHICH of your relatives are dependent on you?

Your uncles, aunts, and cousins; for without U (you) they could not exist.

In Training



"I'm gaining speed," the Tortoise drawled.

"I'm getting faster, bit by bit. Eight inches since last night I've crawled—

I know, because I've measured it!"

Proved by Experiment

"CHARLIE, just go down to the chicken-run and see if the hens have laid any eggs," said Mother. "Don't bring in the china eggs; leave them there. But if there are any others bring them in."

Charlie soon returned with three broken eggs in a basin.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed his mother. "How did you manage to break those eggs?"

Charlie looked at his mother in surprise.

"Well, Mother, how was I to know whether they were china eggs or not if I didn't try them?"

Can You Find Me?

THOUGH ocean disowns me I sit on the sea;

I reside in the forest but not in the tree;

I fly with the breezes but not with the gale,

And never am I to be found in the vale.

I am not in metal, whatever its kind, Yet me in Peruvian silver you'll find;

I'm in frost and in snow, but I am not in ice;

In sunshine and summer and spring I rejoice.

Though not in the garden, yet still I repose

In the green summer bowers, on the breast of the rose.

I'm in past, I'm in present, in base and sublime,

But not in eternity, neither in time;

Although both with angels and mortals I'm found,

I was never in heaven, nor on earthly ground.

Answer next week

WHY is newly-frozen water like one of the cardinal virtues?

Because it is just-ice.

The Reason Why

Two friends were watching a very dull play when one said to the other:

"This is awful! I wonder the audience does not hiss it off the stage."

"I expect they would if they could," was the weary reply.

"But you must remember that it is impossible to yawn and hiss at the same time."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Beheaded Words.

P-each, g-old, b-right, B-lake, p-late, s-mile, c-hill.

What Are We? Spectacles

## Jacko Has Something to Remember

MRS. JACKO was terrified of burglars. She was always waking up in the night and imagining that she heard noises, and Mr. Jacko got quite tired of going downstairs to see if everything was all right.

"I shall get rid of all our valuables," he declared one day. "They are nothing but a worry and a bother."

"A worry and a bother!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacko. "A nice thing it would be if I hadn't my silver teapot to put on the table when visitors came to tea!"

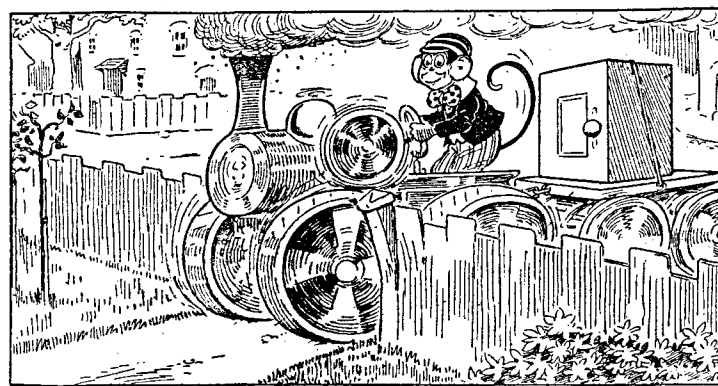
Mr. Jacko gave a snort. It was quite clear that nothing would induce Mrs. Jacko to part with any of her treasures; but at last he hit on an excellent plan.

"I shall buy a safe," he declared. "Then we shall be certain of getting a good night's rest."

Mrs. Jacko thought it a splendid idea. And so did Jacko. He had read a lot of exciting stories about burglars and detectives; and when he heard that there was actually going to be a safe in the house he nearly went off his head with excitement.

The safe was being sent from a neighbouring town, and one morning Mr. Jacko had a postcard to say that it was on its way and would arrive that very afternoon.

Mrs. Jacko advised him not to say anything about it to Jacko. She said he would only hang about the house and get



But the engine didn't stop outside

in the way. She made Jacko a great packet of sandwiches and told him to go out in the woods for the day.

Jacko was delighted. But he hadn't got very far when he saw a big traction-engine standing by the side of the road, and hitched on to it was a trolley with the words Monkeyville Patent Safe Company painted along the side.

"Coo! There's our safe!" cried Jacko. And he rushed up to the engine to see why it had stopped.

There seemed to be nothing wrong with the engine, but the driver had vanished; and when Jacko looked over the hedge he saw him and his mate lying on the grass having a nap.

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed Jacko indignantly. "We've been waiting for that safe for over a week."

He was just going to wake up the men when he had a much better idea. He jumped up on the engine, and began pulling all the levers he could find. He would drive it home himself.

When Mr. Jacko saw the van coming down the road he flung open the front door.

"I suppose I shall have to give the driver something," he said to Mrs. Jacko.

But, to his horror, the engine didn't stop outside on the road. It crashed through the gate and came right across the lawn, ending up with a lurch on Mrs. Jacko's pet rose-bed.

Mr. Jacko kept his word about giving the driver something!

## Ici on Parle Français



Le tabouret La laitue Un orgue  
Asseyez-vous donc sur ce tabouret  
Il mangera une salade de laitue  
Il y a un bel orgue dans l'église



Le lit Le juge La sandale  
Trois rois ont couché dans ce lit  
L'accusé comparait devant le juge  
Les Grecs portaient des sandales

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1926	1925
London	6450	6869
Glasgow	1862	2042
Birmingham	1457	1358
Edinburgh	660	630
Bournemouth	96	105
Swansea	251	269
Norwich	172	135
Blackpool	96	98
Exeter	86	91
Carlisle	78	80
Chester	67	64

The four weeks are up to March 6, 1926

Tales Before Bedtime

## Bounce

JACK looked at the meat pie that his mother had put out for him.

"I should like it," he thought, "and Mother told me to take it for my dinner. But if I do there is only a piece of cheese left for her."

So, cutting some bread, Jack made a parcel of the bread and cheese, put it in his coat-pocket, and went out whistling.

In one of the houses not far from where Jack worked lived a little dog named Bounce.

Bounce had his own basket to sleep in, his own brush and comb, his own bowl and plate, and a ball to play with. They had taught him some tricks, too, and one was to get a piece of chocolate or a bun from his master's coat-pocket. This was a great game. Bounce would stand up on his hind-legs, push up the flap of the pocket and bring out the dainty morsel.

Every morning Bounce went out for a walk by himself before breakfast for an hour or so, and as Jane, the cook, opened the door for him on this bright, sunny morning she said: "Now, don't get into mischief."

But Bounce did not listen; he was so delighted to be out in the fresh air that he ran off as fast as he could. Soon he came to a field where houses were being built, and, seeing a coat hanging on the fence, Bounce looked to see if there was anything that he could find in the pockets. There was! How proud he felt when he brought out a parcel! He scampered off in great glee and carried it home.



"What has he got?" cried Cook

"What has Bounce got?" cried Cook. "Why, it's bread and cheese! Someone's dinner that he's stolen, I know."

When Bounce's mistress heard of it she took him out to find where he had got it from. The dog ran straight to the coat-pocket to seek for more.

Just at that moment Jack came to get his dinner, and Bounce's mistress had to tell him what the young rascal had done. She said she would send Jack a hot meat pie and some pudding by Cook. And so she did, and that day Jack had a good dinner.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 3, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

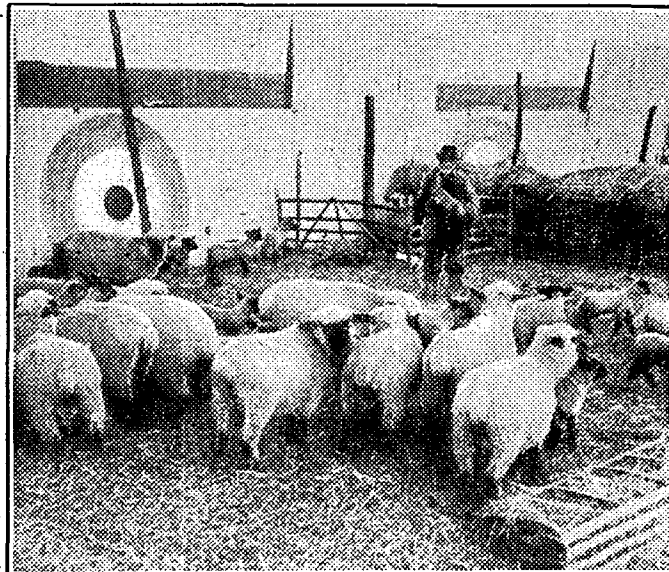
## THE C.N. ON THE CONGO · CHIMPANZEE CHAUFFEUR · FISHING IN LONDON



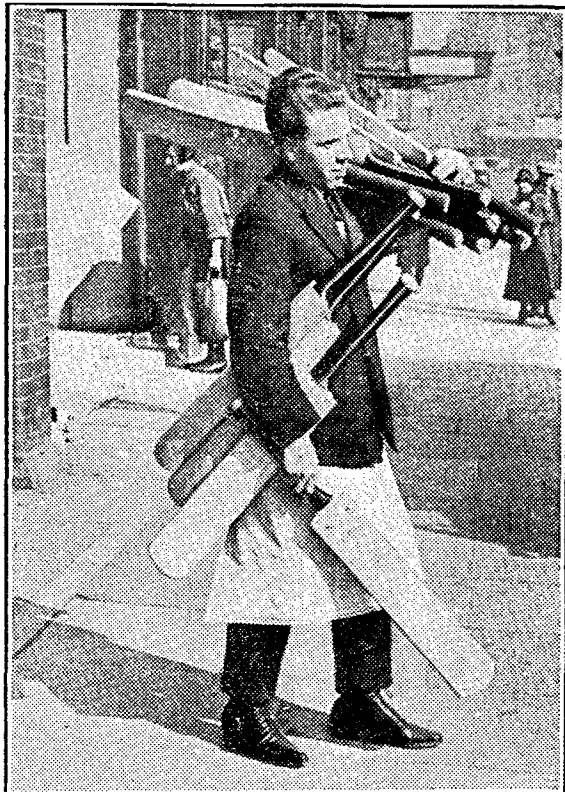
The Jolly Days of Spring—With Hyde Park green and beautiful again little Londoners have been finding it a very good place for a hoop race, as is evident from this picture, which shows a race in full swing



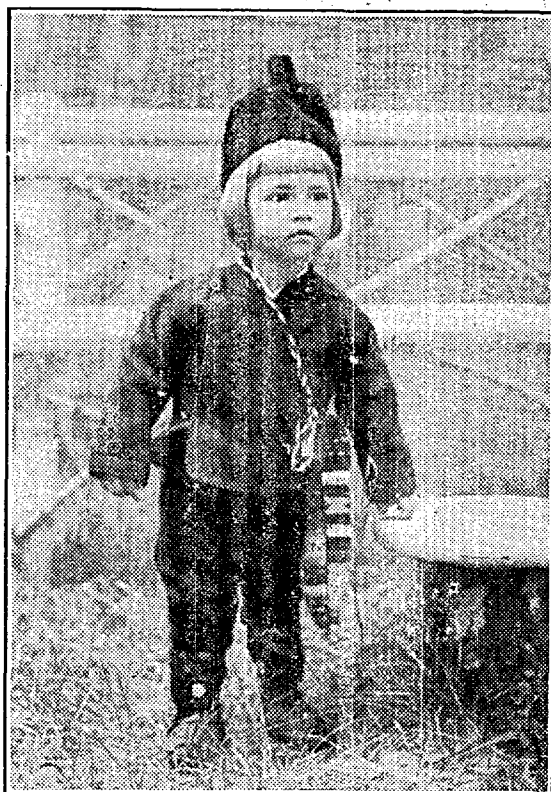
Six Weeks from England—The C.N. regularly makes the 6-weeks journey to this Congo town. See page 9



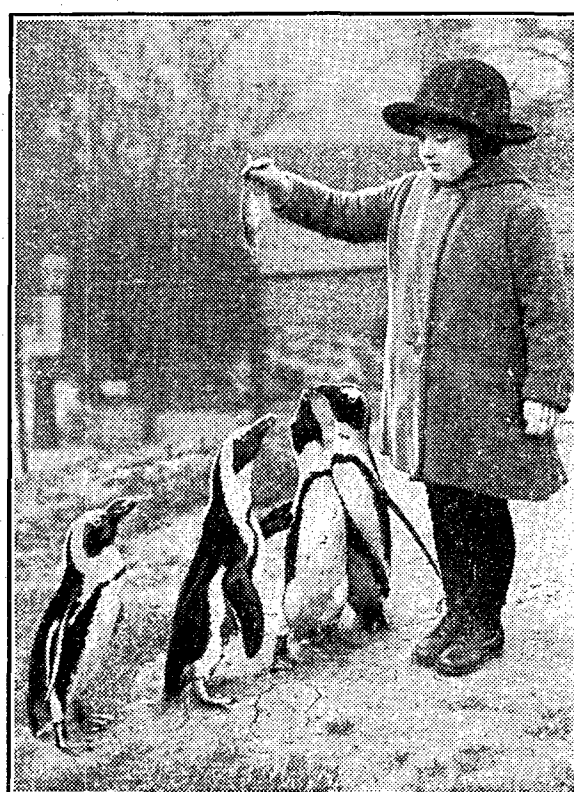
A Novel Sheepfold—Old aeroplane wings have been found very useful at this lambing fold at Letcombe Bassett, on the Berkshire Downs, in sheltering lambs from the wind. It is a new use for old aeroplanes



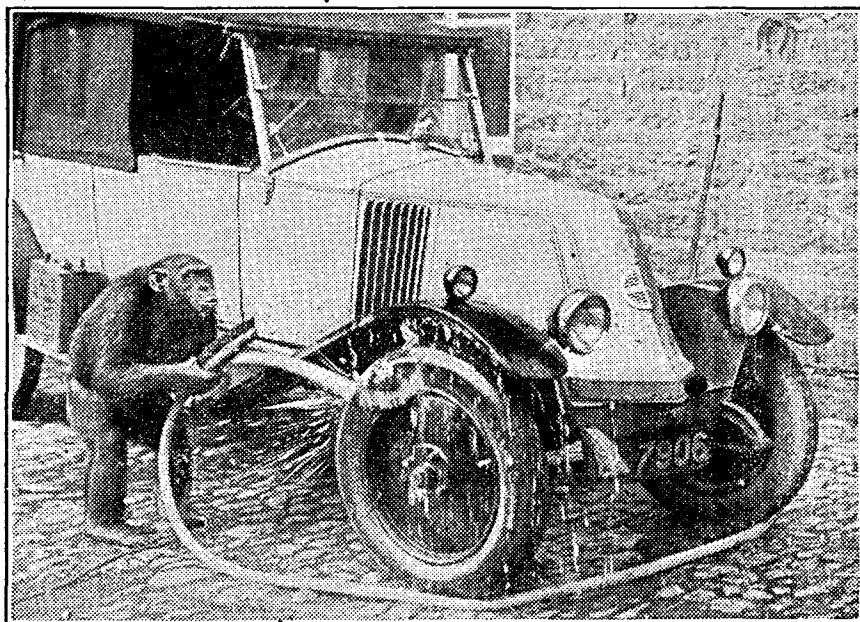
Cricket Comes Again—Cricket will soon be in full swing again in England, and the factories have been having a busy time turning out the thousands of new bats that will be needed



A Welcome Visitor to London—Here is the little two-year-old Crown Prince Peter of Yugo-Slavia, who is coming to spend the early summer in London with his English nurse



A Scramble Coming—This little maid at the London Zoo is tempting the penguins with a tit-bit in the shape of a fish, and the birds are all expectation. Perhaps they wish they could fly



A Chimpanzee Turns Chauffeur—Mary, a clever chimpanzee who lives in a big private zoo at Paignton, Devonshire, has many accomplishments, but she especially delights in washing down her owner's car. Chimpanzees are reckoned the most intelligent of all the monkeys



Fish from a London Fishpond—Specimens of fish from the water at the Old Manor House, Gunnersbury, have been sent to the Zoo Aquarium, the Crystal Palace, and the River Thames, and here netting operations are being carried out by the Thames Preservation Angling Society

## A QUIET MAN'S IDEA AND WHAT CAME OF IT—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency.

(N/1)